

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE KEFAUVER

Was Truman treed on a TV aerial?



Carpet Furnished and Installed by C. H. Pepper Inc., New York City

a **BANK** investment that pays

Beautiful **dividends**

Since carpet is a long term investment, it's important that you choose a style and quality that will be in keeping with the surroundings year in and year out.

That's why the Irving Trust Company of New York chose Gulistan's Piermont Frieze carpet for its newest branch office at Rockefeller Center. This luxurious carpet graces both the lobby and the bank board rooms. It will show dividends of quiet beauty and distinction for years and years . . . will always add just the right tone of dignity and elegance.

Whether it's for home or business, there's a beautiful Gulistan carpet to provide the exact decor mood you desire. Before you invest in carpet, be sure you see and examine the newest Gulistan qualities in contemporary patterns and exquisite styles.

SEE YOUR

GULISTAN

Carpet

DEALER

or write to Contract Division, A. & M. Karagheusian, Inc., 295 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Woven on Power Looms in the U. S. A.



Iron ore rides magic carpet of rubber and steel

A typical example of B.F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

THAT hole in the ground is so deep a 30-story building could be built in it and the roof wouldn't reach the surface. Because of its depth, getting iron ore from the bottom of the mine up to a railroad was a big problem. A conveyor belt was needed, but a regular belt, strong enough to lift heavy ore to that height would be too stiff to carry the load.

But B. F. Goodrich engineers had developed a belt for just such "impossible" jobs. To give the belt the strength for climbing the walls of this canyon,

they had twisted steel wire into cables, using a half mile of wire for every foot of belting. In this exclusive B. F. Goodrich belt design, the individual steel cables run lengthwise, each completely surrounded by rubber. The steel cables supply the needed strength and flexibility without making the belt stiff or too heavy.

The BFG steel cable belt was installed. You see the result. Already the belt has been at work four years, lifting 1,000 tons of ore an hour over a third of a mile, up and out of the mine.

And the belt is still in perfect condition.

New and improved products, like this steel cable conveyor belt, are the result of the B. F. Goodrich emphasis on research—finding better and more economical ways of getting things done with industrial rubber products. That's why it pays to keep in touch with your BFG distributor for the latest ways to save with rubber. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial & General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.

B.F. Goodrich
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY

This is the day you've dreamed of

SOMEDAY you've hoped to find it—a car that expresses your ideal of all that a supremely fine automobile should be.

It would be, of course, exquisitely appointed, expressing restrained luxury in every detail of its fabrics, finish and fittings.

It should have power so great that no demand you would ever make could find its limit. And it should travel with hushed and distinguished silence.

It should ride the highway with confident poise—steady, level, haughtily superior to road conditions that disturb the going of lesser cars.

It should be obedient—willing and effortless in its response to your hand on the wheel, your toe on its gas treadle or brake.

And with all its proud size and power, it should be thrifty to maintain—thrifty in its use of fuel—not so much because pennies are important to you, as because these are the tokens of modern and expert engineering.

Today is the day you can make those dreams come true. You can make them come true in a ROADMASTER.

As you may know, this year's ROADMASTER has the highest horsepower in Buick history, and an Airpower carburetor that needs less fuel at 40 than was formerly used at 30—lets loose a mighty reserve of power when needed.

To the infinite flexibility of Dynaflo Drive, this year's ROADMASTER adds Power Steering.*

And a million dollars' worth of engineering, research and special components have gone into perfecting its ride.

But no technical terms can describe for you this great car's spirit—its eagerness and the friendly companionship that it somehow makes you feel.

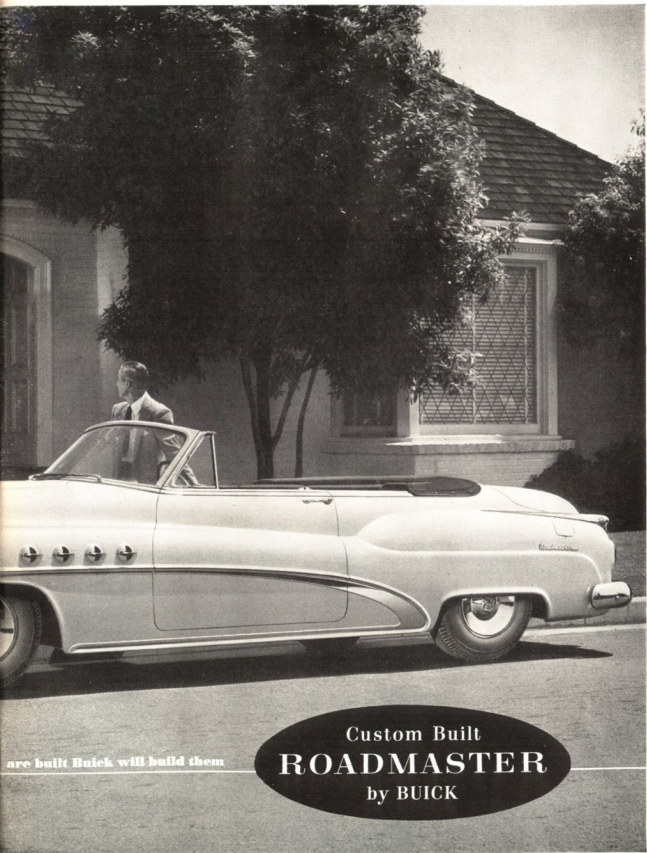
You need to see it, drive it, know it. Just say the word, and your Buick dealer will arrange this for you.

Equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice. *Optional at extra cost on ROADMASTER only.

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS



When better automobiles



are built Buick will build them

Custom Built
ROADMASTER
by BUICK

great Sights to See

*great way
to see them*

Any one
of Santa Fe's
five great trains
each day, each way
between Chicago
and California
takes you through
the Southwest Indian
country—the most
colorful part
of America.

San Ildefonso
Ko-Sha-Ri dancer



Santa Fe



B. T. ANDERSON, General Passenger Traffic Manager,
Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4.

LETTERS

Progeny for President

Sir:
Now that Teens for Taft are in the political arena, I am waiting for the appearance of:
Adolescents for Adlai;
Bairns for Byrd;
Cubs for Kerr;
Infants for Eisenhower;
Kids for Kefauver;
Little women for Warren;
Moppets for MacArthur;
Runts for Russell;
Striplings for Stassen;
Tots for Truman.

GEORGE JOHNSON

Wausau, Wis.

Post-Mortem for Taxpayers

Sir:
At my desk, miserably struggling over my income-tax form when I could ill afford to spare the time from the work whence comes my income, I looked up, not at the ceiling as you suggest, but at your March 10 cover article on the U.S. taxpayer. I quickly sensed an expression of sympathy from you . . . Your commiseration is superb . . . Congratulations on the masterpiece of writing that makes income-tax time something to feel almost gay about . . .

HOWARD M. LIECHTY

Monsey, N.Y.

Sir:
. . . Artist Artzybasheff has probably captured the feeling of a great many of Americans who feel so "squeezed," but will never

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter January 21, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$10.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00. Canada and Yukon, 1 yr., \$6.50; 2 yrs., \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$15.50. Plane-speeded editions: Hawaii, 1 yr., \$8.00; Alaska, 1 yr., \$10.00; Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Continental Europe & Japan, 1 yr., \$12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., \$15.00. For U.S. and Canadian active military personnel anywhere in the world, 1 yr., \$4.75.

Subscription Service: J. E. King, Genl. Mgr. Mail subscription orders, correspondence and instructions for change of address to:

TIME SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE
540 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago 11, Illinois

Change of Address: Send old address (exactly as imprinted on mailing label of your copy of TIME) and new address (with zone number, if any)—allow four weeks for change-over.

Advertising Correspondence should be addressed to: TIME, Time & Life Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME
March 24, 1952

Volume LIX
Number 12

TIME, MARCH 24, 1952



Yesterday, a trend...today, a tradition...COURIER CLOTH woven by

MIRON

Rochester tailored exclusively by

MICHAELS-STERN

For Spring, America's favorite, Courier Cloth,

the unique yarn-dye sheen worsted in new plains, hairlines, stripes, plaids...

handsomely tailored in suits that give you a weekday/weekend wardrobe in one. And for the first time
in topcoats, both expertly tailored by Michaels-Stern, only \$65 each.

100% virgin wool. Miron Mills, Inc., 51 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

newest note in styling Stetson "narrow brims"



*The Ivy League,
in "Brownstone," \$10.*

*The Madison,
in "Caribou," \$15.*



The newest look in men's headwear...to live up your whole appearance. Narrow brims by Stetson are smartly styled with gently tapered crowns that lend themselves perfectly to either pinch or center creasing.



—the
STETSON is part of the man

Prices slightly higher in Canada.

The Stetson "Cushioned-To-Fit" Leather has been the standard of hat comfort for over 70 years. Stetson Hats are made only by John B. Stetson Company and its affiliated companies throughout the world.

voice a protest in the direction where it might do some good—their Congressman . . .

W. W. ROGERS

Lansing, Mich.

Sir:

Congratulations on your March 10 cover. Regardless of the remaining covers for this year, that is my nomination for Cover of the Year.

W. L. MERRICK JR.

Cambridge, Md.

Sir:

I still think my first idea for the U.S. Taxpayer cover was more to the point.

BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

New York City

¶ Herewith the first idea.—Ed.



Artzybasheff

Grimm Stuff

Sir:

Many thanks for your March 3 article "Gun, Gat & Rod." With the exception of a very few, all children's shows on the current TV programs seem to be composed of nothing but gangsters, tough cowboys, blustering, blood & thunder pictures which give every child from Maine to Louisiana the idea that it is right and honorable and pure heroism to shoot and kill in cold blood. At the tender age of four years, my daughter has a well-established idea that it is nice to shoot people.

MRS. AMOS BELDEN

Avon, N.Y.

Sir:

. . . In these parts we were raised on Saturday afternoon movies and popcorn, gats and lynchings, but the kiddie population hasn't rubbed anyone out for a long time . . .

JANET HARTLE

Franklin, Pa.

Sir:

I am no valiant viewer of television for tots, but having read your article and noted horrified reactions of mothers, who exasperate on childish programs, I merely wonder if those anxious adults ever happened to read Grimm's *Fairy Tales* or Hans Christian Andersen's?

As a onetime child, may I point out that I . . . found my childish dreams haunted by: a witch (Czechoslovakian) who collected the eyes of hapless travelers lost in her enchanted wood, and amused herself by slipping them in & out of the empty sockets of her victims; a princess who, suffering under a spell, kept a quaint garden filled with the bones of her murdered lovers (On windy days the bones which hung on the trees would rattle back & forth in the breeze); a girl who kept the severed head of her lover in a flower pot by her bedside; a witch (Russian) who lived

✱ A gruesome foible also indulged in by the heroine of Keats' poem, *The Pot of Basil*.



Defense is on the lines!



"LONG DISTANCE, PLEASE!"

Seems that's what everyone is saying these days — in factories, offices, army camps and navy yards . . . on farms, in homes, in shipyards and arsenals.

For America is doing a big job in a hurry. To speed things up and get work done, the nation depends on Long Distance. So, it's "full speed ahead" for thousands of telephone men and women, too.

They're putting through four times as many Long Distance calls and twice

as many teletypewriter messages as in 1940. Millions of miles of Long Distance pathways have been added — in wires, in cables, and by radio-relay.

Even that is not enough. More of everything is being built as fast as we can get materials.

For America's defense is on the lines, and telephone people are getting the message through.

YOUR LONG DISTANCE CALL
WILL GO THROUGH FASTER,
IF YOU CALL BY NUMBER.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"Here's how our town takes the garbage away three times a day!"



* Manufacturer's recommended retail price, including excise tax... installation extra.

"What a break for wives when the town sponsored General Electric Disposalls®!"

"We just scrape garbage into the Disposall and lock in Twistop control... turn on the cold water. Presto! The Disposall shreds the food-waste into tiny bits and washes it away."



No more messy garbage cluttering her kitchen or her back yard. Not a garbage can in her neighborhood!

She saves steps, and the town saves money it used to spend hauling away garbage by truck!

Community-wide installations the nation over

In Jasper, Indiana, for example, ¾ of the homes have G-E Disposalls. In Herrin, Ill., and Mount Dora, Fla., civic officials have adopted the community plan for Disposall installations.

These, and many other communities, are "collecting" garbage by washing it away into existing sewers or septic tanks.



Let us send you this booklet

Whether you are a city or state official, engineer, or a civic-minded community leader, you'll want to know more about the G-E Disposall method of eliminating garbage.

Let us send you "What Was Garbage?"—a guide to municipal Disposall installations—an authoritative booklet that answers your questions on this great new advance in sanitation. No cost or obligation. Write General Electric Company, Louisville 2, Kentucky.

Price & specifications subject to change without notice.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

in a hut on hen's legs and had a charming fence surrounding her abode—a fence manufactured from human thigh bones and topped with human skulls.

Yet with all these horrors "our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation..."

FLORENCE M. STEVENSON

Los Angeles

Wherefore Art Thou Roger?

Sir:

It was with deep regret that I read the new phonetic pronouncing alphabet [set by the International Civil Aviation Organization—*Time*, March 3].

All of the words have been changed except V for Victor. What is of most concern is imagining how the television "space cadet" will sound. Instead of saying, "Roger and out," it will be "Romeo and out." What a mouthful for the youngsters, and a slur on love.

I. WILLIAM OBERFELDER

Detroit

Sir:

The spectacle of grown men fiddling with new, multi-syllabled names for the Navy alphabet flags, at a time when we are told we are in dire peril, overwhelms me. And I shudder to think of the response from a group of sailors when an unfortunate signalman is required to sing out, in the course of his duties, "Foxrot, Juliett."

ROBERT S. SEESE

Detroit

¶ Or Tango, Oscar?—Ed.

Sir:

... ICAO thinks the new pronouncing alphabet "would be more universally pronounceable [by members of the armed forces]."

How can a pilot pronounce "Foxrot," under the new alphabet, if he can't pronounce "Fox," under the old?

JAMES C. LINCOLN

Rome, Italy

Git & Gumption (Canadian Version)

Sir:

After reading three letters in your Feb. 25 issue complimenting Canadians in general and Clarence Decatur Howe in particular, I began to alter my opinion of the typical Yankee. But when I read the letter by Allan S. Richardson [who credited C. D. Howe's "Yankee upbringing" for his success in Canada], it slithered right back down to where it came from.

Mr. Richardson please note: in Canada a person is judged by what he is and does, not by what his ancestors did and were. Credit for Canada's industrial development goes to Mr. Howe, not to a bunch of New England characters buried over 100 years ago.

EDWARD H. MOSER

Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada

Sir:

Allan Richardson of Denver, Col. seems to have a "typical American superiority complex," i.e., the Almighty American Dollar point of view. On the financial angle of things, American capital is interested in Canada only because it is paying big dividends now and will in the near future, and, considering the rapid dwindling state of the U.S. national resources, they must look elsewhere for investments to make.

J. G. THIVIERGE

Trois Rivières, Quebec

Sir:

Re Mr. Richardson's instructions to "give credit where credit is due": The "cash and nerve that showed the way and took the early



"YOU DON'T EXPECT to see deer in the tropical settings you pass through on your way down to Key West. When this cute little fellow came darting out on the road ahead of us, we sure were thankful we could stop fast with Dodge 'Double Safe' Brakes!"

DODGE GIVES VACATION FUN AT A SAVING

for the Davis family of Fort Lauderdale, Florida. On a day's outing—or a whole vacation—their new Dodge gives extra comfort and driving ease—saves money with fewer repairs, long gas mileage

Chet and Virginia Davis drove a Dodge from Canton, Ohio, down to Florida on vacation back in 1949. Liked Florida so well they moved to Fort Lauderdale permanently. And they're still taking Florida vacation trips in a smart new Dodge Diplomat. But it's not just Dodge extra safety, driving ease and comfort,

the good looks inside and out, that gives the Davises extra satisfaction. Like thousands of Dodge owners they find that Dodge dependability saves them money. Ask your dealer for the free "Show Down" Plan booklet, that compares Dodge with other cars, feature by feature. It proves Dodge value *beyond dispute*.



"A FISHING TRIP for us is just a picnic to our Jimmy. Here he is starting already as we unload at Bahia Mar in Fort Lauderdale. Even with all the gear we carried, there's lots of room left in that big luggage compartment to add a record catch of fish."



"YOUR CAR GETS A WORKOUT on some of those back roads. But our new Dodge with Oriflow Ride irons out the worst bumps and ruts. We never have to worry about Jimmy being bounced off the seat."



"THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM to relax on long trips. And being in the fabric and foam rubber business, we know Dodge interior styling and comfort is tops."

BIG, NEW
DEPENDABLE

'52 DODGE





DON'T LOOK NOW BUT are you oblivious of danger, too?

Every day, 25,000 people are injured in accidents. During the year, there will be a disabling injury in one out of five households throughout the nation.

Have you guarded against this ever-present threat of accident by carrying accident insurance?

Ask the America Fore insurance man about our Maximum Benefit Accident policy which pays medical, surgical and hospital expenses, a weekly income while you are laid up, and a large lump sum if totally disabled!

For the name of a nearby America Fore insurance man or claims office, call Western Union by number, and ask for Operator 25.

The America Fore Insurance Group comprises the

- CONTINENTAL
- FIDELITY-PHENIX
- NIAGARA
- AMERICAN EAGLE
- FIDELITY AND CASUALTY

INSURANCE COMPANIES OF NEW YORK

America Fore
INSURANCE GROUP

gamble" in Canada was British. Consider the two greatest contributions, the Hudson's Bay Co. and the Canadian Pacific Railway . . . However, one should not harp on the past, but should instead consider whose "cash and nerve" are now going into the construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway, a project apparently too big for a country with ten times the national income of Canada to tackle, even as a 50-50 partner, and after a half-century of thumb-twiddling indecision.

PAUL M. LAUGHTON

Ottawa, Ont.

Praise for Wayne

Sir:

I enjoyed your March 3 John Wayne cover story . . . Wayne's tolerant reaction to Actor Larry Parks's confession of having been a Communist was much more admirable than Hedda Hopper's Old Testament cry for vengeance. Instead of Wayne being "a little dumb about these things," I'd say Hedda is the one who's in need of instruction . . .

RIDGELY CUMMINGS

Hollywood, Calif.

Sir:

John Wayne may be no Ace Guinness or John Gielgud (just imagine them intoning "Let's get charging! Saddle up!"), but he is a damn fine actor.

CHARLEY STANTON

New York City

The Saucer Problem

Sir:

Along with hundreds of other sensible, rational and calm Americans, I wish to admonish you for your March 3 report on flying saucers. You are skeptical about [them] simply because you have not had the good fortune to see one. I certainly have not had technical training, but I . . . saw one and I know such things exist . . . My son first saw the object; it was coming towards our place and looked long and oval in shape with little square windows on the side . . . A flying saucer is noiseless, and comes and goes quickly. How many people do you know who watch the sky? Most people go for days without even a slight glance up. Flying saucers do not attract attention. Luck in looking up at the right time is what counts . . .

LEONA YARBROUGH

Redwood Valley, Calif.

Kingdoms of Oil

Sir:

Having lived for 28 years in the Middle East, I found the report of your correspondent, James Bell, in "Six Kingdoms of Oil" [TIME, March 31] extremely interesting, very clear, and depicting the true Arabian mentality.

I believe the policy of the U.S. in this sensitive region of the world is a splendid example of cooperation with Arab countries, where the fanatic pride of the people could only accept, and live with, such a policy.

HENRY BEYDA

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

The crime of wantonly exploiting the world's greatest known reserve of oil in an oil-hungry society like ours is most serious, yet the only interest of the five Arabian oil companies shapes up as a race—who can pump the mostest the fastest? Conservation is a thing of the past, even though the West has begun to feel the oil pinch. In 15 or 20 years . . . it will be interesting to hear the excuses given to an already riotous Arab world about why their only good asset has vanished.

WILLIAM A. GROMKO

Norwich, Conn.

First choice with Most

2000 modern rooms
at sensible rates —
all with radio, many
with TELEVISION

The Famous HOTEL
TAFT

7th AVE. NEW YORK
at 50th St.

ON TIMES SQUARE AT RADIO CITY

Alfred Lewis, Mgr. • Bing & Bing, Inc. Management

TELETYPE: NY 1-1500

New
SHOCKPROOF
STEERING
balanced for
finger-tip
control!



Packard

Ask The Man
Who Owns One

How Honeywell Controls help man chart the universe from a mountaintop in Southern California!



IN THEIR INITIAL work with the Hale telescope pictured below, astronomers have been able to see more than *six thousand billion billion* miles out in space!

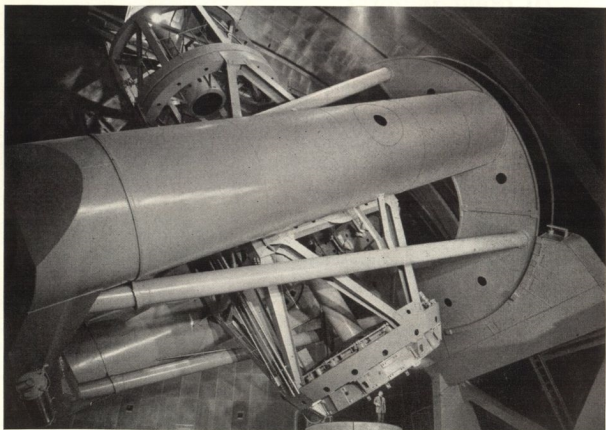
Despite its great size and 500-ton weight, the 200-inch Hale telescope at the summit of Palomar Mountain in California is one of the finest precision mechanisms ever built.

For example, a film of oil supports the immense weight of the instrument as it moves with the smooth accuracy which holds a star image motionless on the photographic plate. Variation in the thickness of that film by as little as plus or minus *one ten-thousandth* of an inch

from a critical value is instantly detected by Micro Switch units. These Honeywell products were chosen by the scientists because of their reliability and long life.

Helping man chart the universe is just one way Honeywell helps America live better, work better. You'll also find Honeywell controls in hundreds of industries. In thousands of planes, trains and buses. In millions of homes and commercial buildings where the familiar thermostat on the wall helps guard America's health and comfort.

This is the age of Automatic Control. And Honeywell has been the *leader* in controls for more than 60 years.



America lives better—works better—with Honeywell Controls

MINNEAPOLIS Honeywell

For information about automatic controls for heating, ventilating and air-conditioning; for trains, planes, buses, ships; for industrial processing—write Honeywell, Dept. D, Minneapolis 8, Minn. In Canada: Toronto 17, Ont.



First in Controls

first...year after year

10 straight years

as first choice of America's truck buyers

The records show that for the last 10 truck-production years in a row, more truck users have bought Chevrolet trucks than any other make. These men buy on solid facts. They get *more* truck for *less* money in Chevrolet.

20 great features

that mean finer performance at lower cost

VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE: Power plus economy in the 105-h.p. Loadmaster or the 92-h.p. Thriftmaster.

BLUE-FLAME COMBUSTION: High efficiency combustion chamber squeezes all available power from fuel.

POWER-JET CARBURETION: Meters the flow of fuel to meet exact requirements of engine load and speed with 2-way controlled ignition.

FULL LENGTH JACKET WATER COOLING: Water jackets completely surround each cylinder for more complete cooling.

SPECIALIZED 4-WAY LUBRICATION: Provides 4 special types of lubrication to lengthen engine life.

SYNCHRO-MESH TRANSMISSION: Quick, quiet, safe shifting—eliminates "double-clutching."

DIAPHRAGM SPRING CLUTCH: One single-disc spring provides positive engagement, reduces wear.

HYPOID REAR AXLE: Lowers tooth pressures, stronger tooth section gives extra durability.

STRADDLE-MOUNTED PINION: Maintains better gear alignment, better tooth contact on medium- and heavy-duty models.

SINGLE-UNIT REAR AXLE HOUSING: No bolts, no joints, formed from tubular beams to withstand heavy loads.

FULL SIZE REAR AXLE INSPECTION PLATE: Saves time and trouble on inspections during regular maintenance.

SPLINED AXLE-TO-HUB CONNECTION: Driving splines mate directly with wheel hubs on heavy-duty models. No bolts to loosen or permit oil leaks.

BALL-GEAR STEERING: Free rolling steel balls between worm and nut cut friction, save wear.

"TWIN-ACTION" HEAVY-DUTY REAR BRAKES: Two cylinders in each brake gives safer, more positive braking.

"TORQUE-ACTION" LIGHT-DUTY BRAKES: Make full use of truck momentum for greater stopping power.

BONDED BRAKE LININGS: Riveted linings on light- and medium-duty models nearly double lining life.

BATTLESHIP CAB CONSTRUCTION: Each cab is a double walled, all-welded steel unit of great strength.

FLEXI-MOUNTED CAB: Minimizes vibration and driver fatigue.

HEAVY-DUTY CHANNEL TYPE FRAME: Deep channel-section side rails give maximum rigidity.

UNIT-DESIGNED BODIES: Floors, tops, sides built as separate matching units for greater strength and safety. Widest color choice at no extra cost.



TODAY, when every business is fighting a battle against rising cost and a sky high break-even point, the proved ability of Chevrolet trucks to whittle down trucking costs is something worth considering.

Chevrolet trucks cost less to buy: They list for less than other trucks with comparable specifications.

Chevrolet trucks work for rock bottom "wages": These 20 great truck features pay off on the job with lower maintenance and operating expenses.

Chevrolet trucks keep their value longer: That's why, traditionally, they bring higher prices at trade-in.

See the 10-year leader with the 20 Great Features at your Chevrolet Dealer's. . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

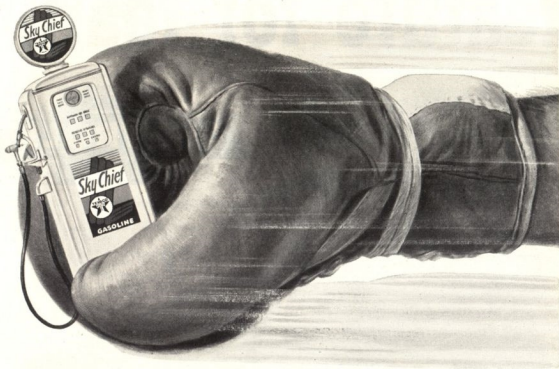
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because they're **finer ...**
feature for feature



SEE THE DINAH SHORE SHOW ON TELEVISION
Every Tuesday and Thursday Evenings, NBC-TV Network

Fill 'er up... *Sky Chief* **PACKS PUNCH!**



Volatane Control is the reason why.

Volatane Control means that volatility and octane are scientifically balanced. And that's why *Sky Chief* gives you more "hurry" when you need it. In fact it feels like the power of an extra motor in traffic, on the highways and climbing the hills. Feel that *Sky Chief* punch today. Fill 'er up at your Texaco Dealer —
the best friend your car ever had.
... and don't forget the best motor oil your money can buy.



THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America



TUNE IN: On Television — the TEXACO STAR THEATER starring MILTON BERLE — every Tuesday night.
On radio — Metropolitan Opera Broadcasts — every Saturday afternoon. See newspaper for time and station.



Outstate Michigan Stands Out MANPOWER WITH KNOW-HOW

MICHIGAN is a leading industrial state. Only a few states have so many industrial workers.

Through training and experience, Outstate Michigan's workers know how. Some 41% of them are classified as skilled or semi-skilled. Output per worker is far above the national average.

Of all the different kinds of industries listed by the U.S. Bureau of the Census, about 75% are repre-

sented in Michigan. Whatever your industry may be, the chances are more than good that Outstate Michigan can offer experienced manpower.

It offers many other advantages also. Their combined effect is to make Outstate Michigan stand out as a desirable location for industry. It's the place to go places.

Telephone, wire or write for further information.

Check These Advantages of Outstate Michigan

- ★ Exceptionally High Percentage of Skilled Workers
- ★ In the Great Market Center of America
- ★ Wide Range of Materials, Parts and Supplies
- ★ Diversified Industries
- ★ No State Income Tax
- ★ Desirable Plants and Plant Sites
- ★ Dependable Electric and Gas Service at Low Rates
- ★ Excellent Living Conditions and Cultural Opportunities
- ★ Woods, Lakes and Streams That Make This a Foremost Vacation Area

N-27-T

FOR INFORMATION CONTACT
INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT DEPT.

CONSUMERS POWER COMPANY
JACKSON, MICHIGAN





"OH-OH, DAD...A FLAT TIRE!"

"WE sure have one, Johnnie—but we'll switch to the 'spare' in a jiffy and be on our way!"

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TIME, MARCH 24, 1952

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INDEX

Cover Story...20
News in Pictures...28

Art.....76	Miscellany.....116
Books.....106	Music.....44
Business.....89	National Affairs 19
Cinema.....100	People.....42
Education.....49	Personality.....43
Foreign News...31	Press.....61
Hemisphere...38	Radio & TV...74
International...30	Religion.....52
Letters.....44	Science.....73
Medicine.....80	Sport.....66
Milestones.....98	Theater.....56

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

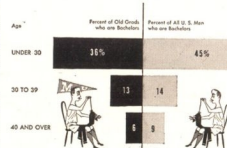
Earlier this year, when I wrote you about TIME's new book on the U.S. college graduate, *They Went To College*, I said I would report back later on some of its more provocative findings. This week I would like to pay special attention to the male graduate, drawing mostly from the section of the book called "Portrait of the Old Grad (Masculine Division)."

When Co-Authors Ernest Havemann and Mrs. Patricia Salter West examined the information furnished by more than 9,000 graduates, they found firm support for some widespread beliefs (e.g., "the cities—and especially the big cities—have a pronounced attraction for college graduates"), but also learned that the facts tended to puncture some equally well-established myths—such as the fiction that wealthier college graduates tend to have fewer children.

"After 30," says the book, "the point

CHART 10

It's a rare Old Grad who lives alone



The book also shows that the male college graduate is more likely to get married than the non-college man, and is more likely to stay married.

Since TIME's similar study in 1940, which found that 71% of the male graduates had married (five points below the national percentage), the proportion of married male graduates has jumped to 85%, or four points above the figure for all U.S. men. Moreover, for every 100 men graduates who had ever been married, 96 were still married and living with their wives, compared to 89 out of 100 for all U.S. men. The authors also devised a kind of rating for domesticity, in which a maximum of seven points could be scored: three points for those who were still married and living with their first wives; one point per child, up to a maximum of three; one point for home ownership. Almost a fourth of the men over 40 had the full seven points. More than another fourth (29%) scored six points, missing the top score because they rent their

homes, have only two children, or have been divorced in the past.

If you are debating whether or not to send a son to college, you may want to take a look at the "Portrait of the Old Grad" from a job-and-salary standpoint. Just about five out of six male graduates hold down top positions in their communities—in the professions, or as owners, managers or executives. Median earnings of the male graduates at the time of the study were \$4,689 a year, more than double that for all men in the U.S. "Our college graduates earn more money almost from the first year on the job than the average man makes at the peak of his earning power," the book says. "In the population at large, the peak period comes in a man's late 30s and early 40s . . . Our graduates get wealthier as they get older, while the average man begins declining after 45. Among our graduates the very oldest group, the 50-and-overs, have the best incomes. In the general population, the 50-and-overs are losing ground fast to younger men."

College graduates in general, and particularly the men, demonstrated a remarkable tendency to move away from their old communities and states. Of all graduates, 44% had moved to new states. Among those moving from one section of the country to another, graduates from the East were most restless, with 30% settling down in other sections, while alumni from the West had the greatest staying powers, only 13% moving away. Leaving the South were 24%, and the Midwest, 26%.

Later on I want to tell you how some of these statistics apply to the women graduates included in the study.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



1. Ted and Toni, dancing stars of television shows, waltzed through the Statler's door one day, and said: "We want repose. That's why we're back at Statler, for peace and rest it's grand, and guests are sure that, day and night, each wish is a command."



2. "I wish for one fine Statler bed," said Teddy with a yawn. "I'm tired as any man can be who's rumbaed till the dawn. Eight hundred thirty-seven springs will lull me right to sleep, without the need of counting flocks of jitterbugging sheep."



3. "Our dancing's fun but hard work, too," said Ted with happy grin. "so when my muscles ache and groan and I feel all done in, a steaming tub with water hot helps wash my pains away. And how I love those snowy towels that rise in bright array."



4. "The Statler food is wonderful," and Toni danced a tap. "At breakfast, lunch and dinner, we eat up every scrap. For Statler meals are custom-cooked and served when piping hot." "And one more thing," Ted added, "You always get a lot."



5. That night, the dancing couple took a "busman's holiday," and danced to Statler's famous band with music bright and gay. Then as the evening ended, they said: "For fun and rest, come check in at the Statler, where you really are a guest."



STATLER HOTELS: NEW YORK • BOSTON • BUFFALO • DETROIT
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★
ANOTHER GREAT NEW STATLER • LOS ANGELES
(READY FOR OCCUPANCY JUNE, 1952)

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Defeat of the Messrs.

For at least two decades American politics have been thawing. That 15 million voters now call themselves independents is one sign of the new fluidity. Less evident and equally important is the spirit of independence inside the parties. When Mr. Republican Taft and Mr. Democrat Truman were beaten on the same day last week in New Hampshire primaries, it was dramatically apparent that party hierarchies and organizations had lost some of their oldtime muscle.

The New Hampshire result raised the question of how the two victors stack up against each other. A nationwide Gallup Poll published just before the New Hampshire primary asked citizens to choose between Eisenhower and Kefauver. Result: Ike 57%, Kefauver 32%, undecided 11%. A Taft v. Kefauver poll taken about the same time showed Kefauver 47%, Taft 41%, undecided 12%.

The New Hampshire primary, plus evidence that Ike's popularity through the nation remains high, has strengthened the Ike boom. The note of desperation has gone out of the "Ike, Come Home" cry of his supporters.

This week friends of Ike in Congress released a letter from him dated March 10 in which he stated more clearly than ever that he would not give up his present assignment in the "absence of a compelling call or relief by higher authority." He went on to define a "compelling call" as "[one] that is traditionally and universally recognized as the voice of the American people speaking through a national convention.

"Such a call imposes an obligation of citizenship on the man so honored. It seems to me, however, that it is an entirely different thing to leave a critical assignment for the purpose of increasing the possibility or probability of such a summons." In other words, Ike will come home and campaign if he gets the G.O.P. nomination—and not before.

The next big test between Taft and Ike comes April 15 in New Jersey. Ikemen are confident they can win a preferential primary there and take all, or nearly all, of the 38 delegates.

In short, New Hampshire has so changed political calculations that Eisenhower now seems to be leading the Republican race for the first time since November.

POLITICS

Techniques & Tactics

As Robert Alphonso Taft moved through the Southwest last week, his voice hoarse from marathon speechmaking, there was no sign that he intended to revise his campaign technique. Yet observant voters who carefully sorted and examined the



David Douglas Duncan—LIFE
CANDIDATE EISENHOWER
'By golly.'

bones of the New Hampshire primary felt that the Taft technique had its flaws.

Everywhere Taft stopped in New Hampshire he drew attentive crowds. But he was abrupt and cold in greeting local leaders, brushed off autograph hunters and handshakers, cut short or sidestepped questioners. He charged that nobody knows what Dwight Eisenhower stands for, inquired slyly whether Ike would dare to attack the Truman Administration. In retrospect, some of Taft's own organization men granted that he offended the New England sense of fairness by insinuating that Ike is a captive of the Administration and could not campaign against it. Many an observer also concluded that his speeches about Ike were a mistake in another way: they aroused the Eisenhower supporters to charge that Taft is "isolationist." The voters of New Hampshire are not isolationist.

3,500 Miles Away. The men close to Taft apparently did not sense the voter resistance. When the tour ended, F. E. ("Ted") Johnston, who had headed the Senator's efficient, professional New Hampshire organization, dropped the carefully cultivated underdog role and made a prediction: Taft would win the preferential primary by 5,000 votes, and six of the 14 delegates.

Instead, Dwight Eisenhower, who was 3,500 miles away, who had neither spoken a word nor grasped a hand in support of his own candidacy, won a complete victory. The final count: Eisenhower 46,661; Taft 35,838. In the delegate contests, it was a clean sweep for Ike: 14-0. Said Taft: "I am somewhat disappointed."

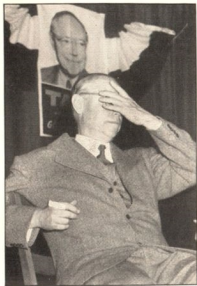
A closer look at these returns reveals other facts that may have a bearing on future campaigning. Ike Eisenhower carried eleven of the twelve cities (over 6,000 pop.), 138 of the 223 towns. The only city Taft won was Manchester, where he had his best organization and the all-out support of the *Union Leader*, New Hampshire's biggest newspaper (circ. 46,707). The Senator carried only three of the 20 places at which he stopped—Manchester, Derry and Meredith.

At Tilton (pop. 2,062), where the Republican voters include a high proportion of prosperous, middle-class Yankees, all the influential Republican leaders were for Taft. Before he made his speech there, Tilton was considered a Taft stronghold. There was no Eisenhower organization. The vote: Eisenhower 161, Taft 153. At Berlin (pop. 16,545), a paper-mill town in the far north, Candidate Harold Stassen spoke to 800 and the next night Taft talked to 1,200. The vote: Eisenhower 933, Stassen 814, Taft 333.

From these post-mortem examinations it was plain that Bob Taft failed to win the people who came to see and hear him.

The Next Effort. The mounting totals from New Hampshire were reported to Eisenhower when he landed in Germany from Paris for a one-day round of military conferences. Said he: "I am very naturally touched, and more than that, deeply moved... Any American who is honored by so many other Americans' considering him fit for the presidency should be proud, or by golly, he is no American."

Then Ike got off a cable to New Hampshire's Governor Sherman Adams, who headed the campaign organization: "Through you, could I express to the Republican voters of New Hampshire my



OHIO'S TAFT
"Somewhat disappointed."

profound appreciation of the extraordinary compliment they have paid me? ... I fully realize that the astonishing result was due primarily to the distinguished reputation of the list of delegates and the efforts of your organization."

In Washington, the Eisenhower headquarters handed out significant excerpts from a letter the general wrote recently to an unnamed friend. "From two or three of my good friends," he wrote, "I have received intimation that the rank & file are fearful that if given the opportunity I would completely ignore organization and loyal workers in order to be a wild maverick. Of course, such a fear seems a little incomprehensible to me because certainly it is known that I have spent much of my life in activities in which strong organization was the first requisite . . . I would never ignore the rank & file of any organization. I think my record will show that I have never lacked faith in those with whom I have been associated."

Having demonstrated his popular strength in his first test at the polls, Ike Eisenhower was now employing a new tactic. His cable to Governor Adams and his letter to a friend had been carefully worded to invite the confidence and support of organization Republicans, who will be all-important when the national convention meets in July.

Nonchalance & Dismay

Harry Truman's sharp political instinct told him he should stay out of the New Hampshire primary. But Democratic National Chairman Frank McKinney urged him to get in; delegate candidates pledged to him would be left out in the corridor if he didn't. Furthermore, he wouldn't have to campaign; the organization would take care of everything.

But it was Estes Kefauver who took care of everything. He polled 20,147 votes to Truman's 16,298, and all twelve of his

political nobodies were elected delegates. The Democratic high command tried to be nonchalant about it all. A fine, healthy thing that so many Democrats voted, said the unblinking McKinney. At Key West Harry Truman acted uninterested when reporters tagged him on his morning walk the morning after. He managed a weak grin and said nothing.

Beneath the nonchalance the Trumanites were dismayed. The President and his aides were furious at McKinney for his error in judgment. Harry Truman could still have the nomination if he wanted it, but the defeat was a serious blow to his political prestige. Supporters of other Democratic prospects began to stir even more nervously than before.

Some observers thought the debacle of New Hampshire would cause Truman to announce his plans soon, possibly at the Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner in Washington March 29. But a pundit thought this was just the kind of rebuke which might bring Truman out as a fighting candidate. No matter how the President reacted, the New Hampshire voters had proved he was wrong when he scoffed at the primary as just "eyewash." Or, if it was eyewash, Harry Truman was up to his eyeballs in it.

Who's for Whom

Two days after the New Hampshire primary, Richard G. Jordan, who headed the successful Taft campaign in Manchester, reversed his field. He wrote Senator Taft: "We must win in November. I urge you to accept the decision of the New Hampshire voters as an indication of the desires of the nation and respectfully request that you here and now proclaim your full and unqualified support for General Eisenhower."

At Frankfort-am-Main, *Overseas Weekly* announced the results of a poll among American soldiers in General Eisenhower's NATO command. Their boss lost. The Republican vote: Taft 673, Ike 273, Earl Warren 263.

Albert C. Wedemeyer, retired lieutenant general who is now a vice president of Avco Manufacturing Corp., announced that he favors "the able and forthright Senator from Ohio, Robert A. Taft."

Retired Admiral Louis E. Denfeld, the chief of naval operations fired by Harry Truman in 1949, also came out for Taft: "[He] is a fighter and I think Truman is afraid of him."

The Chicago Tribune's gruff Colonel Robert R. McCormick, an unswaying Taftman, conferred with Eisenhower for half an hour at the general's headquarters in France. Then reporters asked: Will you support Ike if he gets the Republican nomination? Snorted the Colonel: "I would support the Republican candidate. I supported Dewey, for God's sake."

Praise the Lord & Pass

In Florida, ex-Jockey Charles E. Compton filed as a Democratic candidate for President of the U.S. and announced a platform: "faith and legalized gambling."

The Rise of Senator Legend

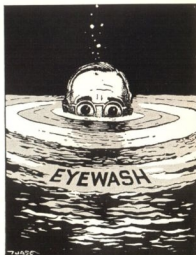
(See Cover)

By midnight of primary day in New Hampshire, a cramped, L-shaped bedroom on the second floor of Manchester's Eagle Hotel was jammed and seething. Coats & hats were piled on the twin beds, and people were perching cheerfully on top of the coats & hats. Others helped themselves to the open bottles of Scotch, bourbon and rye on the dresser, or dug into the communal paper buckets of chop suey, chicken and egg rolls on the table. Looming above the pandemonium, with the air of a prophet who has just been slugged by a vigorous vision, was Candidate Estes Kefauver. He moved slowly through the throng, sipping a Scotch highball, dropping an affectionate long arm around shoulder after shoulder, and murmuring fervently: "I certainly did appreciate your help."

By 2 a.m. the news was good and getting fabulously better: not only was Estes Kefauver beating Harry Truman in the preferential "beauty contest," but he was winning all twelve of the delegates to the Democratic convention. Kefauver had been rated an outside chance to win a single delegate (see PRESS). Whispered one guest to another: "I was afraid the voters wouldn't know our delegates." "Hell," snorted his friend, "I didn't know a one of them myself." An old Kefauver admirer, who had come up from Tennessee for the fun, shook his head admiringly and drawled into the din: "Handshaking seems to work as well in New Hampshire as it does in Tennessee."

Seven Days. Handshaking—with a lot of help from Truman's unpopularity and Kefauver's vague stand on issues—had worked a political miracle in New Hampshire. Hardly anybody in the state could remember one word of Estes Kefauver's

* Pronounced (in Tennessee, at least): Ess-tess Kee-lawver.



Chase—New Orleans States
CARTOONIST'S TRUMAN
Somewhat submerged.

formal speeches. He had drawn such small crowds (except for a rousing reception at a Dartmouth basketball game) that, five days before the election, he was in deep despondency. In Keene (pop. 15,638), only 30 people came out to hear him, and he was introduced by the mayor, who was running as a Truman delegate. In Claremont (pop. 12,800), Kefauver took one look at the 60 people scattered in the big auditorium, then invited them all to come down front for a chat. In an evening address in industrial Nashua, the crowd that heard Kefauver was much smaller than the one that Republican Bob Taft had drawn at the unhandy hour of 9:30 that same morning.

But for seven solid days Estes Kefauver and his attractive, redheaded wife Nancy had trudged the sidewalks of the small towns, from the Canadian border (where Nancy spoke rusty French) to Massachusetts. They would stop their borrowed car on the outskirts of each town and walk up Main Street, introducing themselves to the store owners, shoppers, cops and kids. In the cities, they headed for newspaper offices and court-houses to shake more hands. In Manchester (pop. 82,732), Kefauver walked through a slaughterhouse, a shoe factory, a brush plant, an insurance office and several mills. Beside each workman he stopped to shake hands and say: "My name is Senator Kefauver, and I'd appreciate your help next Tuesday." Or simply, "I'm certainly glad to meet you."

He tried a variant of this in a roadside diner. Approaching a counterman, he said: "My name is Estes Kefauver, and I'm running for President."

"President of what?" asked the counter-man.

"President of the United States," said Kefauver.

"Hey, Ma!" yelled the counterman. "Here's a guy says he's running for President—and he ain't kidding."

The Great Rebellion. Estes Kefauver's sensational success in New Hampshire was the first proof of a theory that has tantalized political experts for the last six months. The theory: after a long siege of public investigations, scandals and exposés of corruption, the U.S. voter is in rebellion against the professional politician. If the voter can avoid it, he doesn't want to argue about the complexities of government or foreign policy, Kefauver was something simple, evident, and evidently non-professional, and that was what New Hampshire's Democrats wanted. The campaign registered an image in their minds: 1) Estes Kefauver, the firm, fearless crimebuster of last year's televised hearings; 2) Kefauver of the coonskin cap, who had come out of the Tennessee hills after defeating a political boss in his home state in his campaign for the Senate; and 3) Kefauver, the declared opponent of that greatest politician of them all, Harry Truman.

New Hampshire's Democrats didn't want to know much more. And if, between handshakes, Kefauver uttered blank non-

ings on foreign policy or left gaping holes in his political platform, the New Hampshire voter seemed quite willing to fill in the blanks himself. Through no particular design, Estes Kefauver was, in fact, a kind of Senator Legend—half man, half fiction, a candidate conjured up by the disillusioned New Hampshire Democrat to answer his own yearnings.

The Non-Professional. For such a role, Estes Kefauver is superbly equipped. At 48, he is a tall (6 ft. 3 in.) oak of a man with a durable constitution and strong, homely features—a long nose, horn-rimmed spectacles over blue eyes, thin lips that break easily into a wide grin,

only his light tan shoes, when he was due at a formal dinner in black shoes. He went to the hotel elevator, took a look at the elevator boy's black shoes, and promptly traded his tans for the blacks. It made a good story, but Kefauver didn't think it was funny. When he got home he coldly announced that he would do his own packing thereafter. Next time he packed two black shoes, both for the right foot, and grimly wore them at a party all evening without cracking a smile. ("He looked," says his wife, "like he was coming around the corner all the time.")

In Lebanon, N.H., Kefauver stopped at the movie theater to shake hands with



KEFAUVER & WIFE IN NASHUA (N.H.) COFFEE HOUSE
Handshaking worked a miracle.

and grey-streaked brown hair. When he bends low to talk, his serious, attentive manner and his gentle, soft half-drawl are a guarantee of his sincerity and personal dedication. "You just know he's honest," sighed a New Hampshire housewife after Kefauver had passed her way.

In Congress he has few friends or even admirers. He is rated one of the dullest, most fumbling speakers in the Senate. At Washington cocktail parties, his "I am Estes Kefauver" routine is by now old hat. Washington's lion-hunters regard his "Let's talk about you" approach as a confession of mental bankruptcy. But on the hustings all these liabilities are to his credit. He may slop around with untied shoelaces, but he has a Jim Farley-like memory for names, and follows up every contact with a personal letter from Washington. His scuffed oratory is proof, at least, of unprofessionalism. His willingness to listen is a rare boon.

He flashes no sharp edge of wit, nor has he even much sense of humor to lighten his heavy sense of destiny. Yet he has the homely touch that spawns humorous, kindly anecdotes. On one campaign trip Kefauver discovered that his wife had packed

the ticket seller. When he stuck his hand through the loophole in the box office, the hand stuck fast. A small crowd laughed and giggled while he wrenched and twisted, trying to get loose. Kefauver himself didn't crack a smile until, a few minutes later, he finally freed himself.

A Simple Soul. Since the start of the campaign he has studiously avoided putting together anything that sounds like a platform. Nowhere does he make it clear that, in his twelve-plus years in the House and the Senate, he has been one of the most regular of party men; he voted pro-New Deal and pro-Fair Deal nine times out of ten (see box). Kefauver is against organized sin. He is in favor of good government, peace, kindness, vision and purity. The U.S. budget of \$85.4 billion "would stagger the imagination of a mathematical genius—let alone the mind of a simple soul like mine," he says. But he offers few concrete ideas for cuts. In practice, he supports the Administration's present foreign policy, but in theory, preaches the doctrine of Clarence Streit's visionary plan for Atlantic Union. On China he still agrees with Dean Acheson's "Wait until the dust settles" policy. Said

KEFAUVER'S VOTING RECORD

Estes Kefauver's voting record as a member of the House of Representatives (1939-48) and Senator (1949-) is not well known. Nine out of ten times he votes the straight Administration line. Here is a digest of his record since World War II:

Taxes & Economic Policy. FOR: Defense Production Act, extension of rent control and all major Administration control and tax programs, with one exception. The exception: in 1947, voted with Republicans to override the President's veto of the \$4 billion Republican reduction of income taxes. AGAINST (with Truman): the Kerr bill to exempt independent natural gas companies from federal regulation; the Capehart amendment to require automatic price increases to balance rises in production costs.

Government Spending: FOR: all major Administration appropriations bills; led the fight for funds to expand TVA power facilities with the Johnsonville steam plant. AGAINST (with Truman): all major attempts to trim fat and pork-barrel projects out of Rivers & Harbors bills and other congressional appropriations.

Fair Deal Legislation (other than civil rights). FOR: public housing, federal aid to education, extended social security, extended power and reclamation facilities and the whole package, except compulsory health insurance. AGAINST: authorizing states to publish the names of relief recipients.

Civil Rights. FOR: abolition of the poll tax. AGAINST: compulsory FEPC. **Labor.** FOR: the President's 1946 request for power to draft rail strikers into the Army. AGAINST (with Truman): Taft-Hartley Act, Case anti-strike bill.

Agriculture. FOR: Administration price-support levels, increases in Commodity Credit Corporation price-support resources from \$3 billion to \$6,750,000,000; ending special taxes on oleomargarine.

Military Policy. FOR: peacetime selective service, U.M.T., all Administration appropriations requests.

Foreign Policy. FOR: the Marshall Plan and the special aid and loans that preceded it; the North Atlantic Treaty and arms aid; U.S. troops for defending Western Europe; Point Four. AGAINST (with Truman): participation by Spain in the Marshall Plan (but for a separate \$100 million loan to Spain); the Kem amendment, requiring a cutoff in U.S. military aid for countries that ship strategic materials to the Soviet Union and its satellites.

Kefauver in New Hampshire: "We must now wait and see what revolutionary spirit becomes paramount in China before giving support."

He drew anti-Truman headlines by hitting at the lack of "healthy public morals," by challenging, inferentially, Truman's Pendergast background, and by announcing that he—Kefauver—did not think primaries were "eyewash." But as soon as the New Hampshire votes were counted Kefauver went on the air to say that New Hampshire was certainly no verdict against Harry Truman. He is against compulsory FEPC, but promises he will carry out any FEPC platform voted in the Democratic platform. When questioning about his views gets too warm for him, he is likely to pick up a book from his desk and say: "Have you ever seen these pictures of early automobiles?"

Reluctance to discuss the issues does not mean that there is anything shady about Kefauver's background. There isn't. It simply means that if the shadows of the television screen have made him a conquering legend, Kefauver is not the one who is going to spoil the picture by turning on too many lights.

"I'm Going to Yale." Legend has it that Carey Estes Kefauver was a poor-but-honest youngster raised in a rough Tennessee mountain cabin. This is just a legend. The Kefauvers were a branch of one of the first families of Madisonville, Tenn., a small (pop. 1,487) town in the foothills of the Great Smokies. Aside from Depres-

sion stringencies, father Robert Cooke Kefauver was comfortably fixed. He owned a local hardware store and served five times as mayor of Madisonville. To pick up extra money and toughen himself for football at the University of Tennessee, young "Keef" worked through one summer in a Harlan County (Ky.) coal mine. There he lived in a sweaty attic with four other miners and developed a real sympathy for coal miners and unions.

At Tennessee he went Kappa Sigma, high-jumped, set a local discus record and played tackle on the varsity football squad. He was a good campus politician and was elected president of the student body. After getting his A.B. (in 1924), he taught math and coached football for a year in a high school at Hot Springs, Ark. One day he told a friend: "If I go on to be a football coach, I'll be through at 40. I'm going to Yale and be a lawyer."

The Country Boy. He graduated from Yale Law School in 1927, and was a good lawyer right from the beginning. He turned out to have a special way with juries that brought him a bid from the topflight Chattanooga law firm of Sizer and Chambliss. "Keef handled a jury like a country boy," said one of his ex-partners recently. "He would establish himself as a country boy, then recite the facts and lead the jury along. He used language the jurors could understand. He never tried to be eloquent or quoted poetry."

On a blind date one night in 1934 Keef met Nancy Piggott, a lively redhead who

was visiting her well-to-do aunt in Chattanooga. Nancy was an American girl born near Glasgow, Scotland. Her U.S.-born father, Stephen Piggott, was a designer of marine engines for a Scottish firm, became a British subject and was subsequently knighted. Keef followed Nancy home to Scotland, and married her there. Back in Chattanooga, Keef's new wife—witty, wise and devoted—was a great social asset to a close-mouthed young lawyer. They were a popular couple. In 1937 the Chattanooga Junior Chamber of Commerce named Keef the young man of the year.

There are some friends who think that Nancy started Kefauver toward a political career. Others say he has wanted to be President ever since he was born. At any rate, he joined a young reform group called the Volunteers, and after an unsuccessful try for state senator in 1938, easily captured a congressional vacancy the following year. In Washington he was assigned to the important judiciary committee, developed a keen interest in federal government, and turned out a book on congressional reorganization, *A 20th Century Congress*. But in his nine years in the House, young Congressman Kefauver was noted principally for championing TVA, voting the straight New Deal ticket, and—most remarkable of all—working hard and keeping his mouth shut.

Electric Coonskin. Then, overnight, he became the man in the coonskin cap. Early in 1947, Kefauver shrewdly saw that a factional split in Boss E. H. Crump's Tennessee machine might give a non-machine Democrat a chance to be Senator. He broke precedent by declaring a full ten months before the primary. He and Nancy set up campaign organizations in each of the state's 95 counties, probably shook more hands than anyone in Tennessee political history, and nettled Mistah Crump into a roar that made Kefauver famous. "Kefauver," wrote Crump in full-page newspaper advertisements through the state, "reminds me of the pet coon that puts its foot in an open drawer in your room, but invariably turns its head while it is feeling around in the drawer."

Kefauver's retort was mild: "I may be a pet coon but I'll never be Mr. Crump's pet coon." A more imaginative friend clapped a coonskin cap on Kefauver's head at a luncheon rally. The gag grew until Kefauver eventually blossomed out in a coonskin cap haloed with electric lights. In the primary he polled 42,000 votes more than his nearest opponent.

And that was not television.

Upright Judge. Unnumbered millions of people got to know Estes Kefauver as he presided over the hearings of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee a year ago. From Manhattan as far west as the coaxial cable ran, the U.S. adjusted itself to Kefauver's schedule. Dishes stood in sinks, babies went unfed, business sagged and department stores emptied while the hearings were on.

Kefauver could not have made his debut to better advantage. His role was that of an upright judge in a grim, real-life mo-

ality play. On one hand, aggressive little Rudolph Halley shrieked and barked at the forces of evil. On the other, Costello (only his hands), Greasy Thumb Guzik, Jim Moran and Anthony Anastasia defended themselves with all the genius and resources of Satan. In the background, New Hampshire's Charles Tobey wailed like a Greek chorus singing its lines from Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*. And right in the middle of the scene, calm, judicial, and unfruffled, Estes Kefauver meted out justice—or at least soft words—for all.

Abject Apology. While he kept a sharp senatorial eye on his fan mail, deadlines & headlines, he was several cuts above the average for congressional investigators. In the eyes of the public the whole performance accrued to his per-

sonal credit. Actually, much of the investigative initiative was Rudy Halley's. Much of the evidence was old stuff contributed by friendly cops and newspapermen. The committee achieved one really important result. It brought the decent, dishwashing, baby-feeding public face to face with the curled lip of organized crime, and taught the people to vote against public officials who have condoned it.

Such public education was what Kefauver said he wanted. But in practice, it distressed and embarrassed him more than anything he has ever done in his political life. An example of his distress is the Tubbo Gilbert case. A reporter from the Chicago *Sun-Times* got his hands on some secret Kefauver committee testimony about Tubbo, who was the Democratic

candidate for sheriff of Cook County. The *Sun-Times* story touched off a political chain reaction. Tubbo was defeated in the election, and in the general revulsion against Tubbo & Co. Illinois' Scott Lucas, a Democrat and the Senate majority leader, went down the drain. Kefauver apologized for the leak, turned with a vengeance to investigate how it happened, and begged Lucas for forgiveness. Kefauver does not brag about his committee's influence for clean government. Said he: "I don't believe it is fair, and I don't believe the record will sustain the complaint that we were instrumental in swaying the elections anywhere."

Eisenhower, Only Smaller. Just exactly when Estes Kefauver became aware of his own presidential possibilities, nobody



knows for sure. Says Washington Congressman Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, one of the capital's few Kefauver disciples: "It was his trip around the country last fall that did it. He felt quite a bit of grass-roots support which he didn't expect—something like Eisenhower, I'd say, on a smaller scale." Nancy Kefauver thinks something clicked when Estes got a rousing presidential draft call in Nashville last December. Soon afterward, Kefauver confided to a friend: "Right today I have a better chance of becoming President than I had of becoming Senator when I decided to run."

Once decided, Kefauver went about declaring himself in his usual, offend-nobody way. He humbly asked the advice of friendly newsmen, and if they suggested that he had too little support he retorted: "I can't wait for the professional politicians." But he conscientiously paid a call on Professional Pol Harry Truman and came away in high spirits, convinced that Truman was not opposed to a Kefauver campaign. In late January Kefauver announced publicly that he was "in to the finish."

From that day to election eve in New Hampshire, the pundits underrated him. He had, they said, neither professional funds nor professional organization. But, like Cornelia of old, Kefauver had more precious jewels. In a pleasant grey brick house in Washington's Spring Valley district, he has a lively, lovely, photogenic household consisting of his wife, three daughters, an adopted son, two cocker spaniels and a tame, deodorized skunk named Shanghai. He has amateur Kefauver-for-President clubs in every state in the Union. And he has behind him the power of the Kefauver legend.

Swamps & Pitfalls. Has Estes Kefauver really got a chance? The answer lies only at the end of a tortuous route, beset by every conceivable swamp, pitfall and booby trap known to politics (see chart). Kefauver's immediate strategy is to prove his popular strength. He will head, first, into the important primaries in Wisconsin and Nebraska, April 1. Wisconsin looks hopeful because the Truman forces are split there. Nebraska puts him squarely against Oklahoma's Senator Robert Kerr, as yet an untried, but supposedly potent, Midwest contender. If Kefauver vanquishes Kerr and picks up odds & ends of strength along the way, his next obstacle will be Georgia's Richard Russell (in the two Florida votes May 6 and May 27) and Illinois' Governor Adlai Stevenson (in Oregon May 16). Kefauver's prospects are (in this respect only) somewhat like that of a professional burglar: a good average isn't enough—he has to win every time.

The greatest unknown quantity is Harry Truman. If Truman runs, he will throw the whole weight of the Democratic machine against Kefauver, and can probably mangle him at the Chicago convention, regardless of primary showings. If Truman stays out and stays neutral, Estes has a chance at Chicago because he might be acceptable to the Solid South as well as

to the North. TIME correspondents across the U.S. last week reported that Kefauver's New Hampshire victory had made a definite impression on Truman Democrats, who are afraid Harry is a bit of a liability. They will not desert Truman, but their sensitive ears caught Kefauver's post-New Hampshire overtures to Truman, and they liked what they heard.

There is a third possibility. Harry Truman's open opposition might prod Kefauver into a fight. Perhaps New Hampshire proves that Truman is already tired on Kefauver's television antenna. If the Chicago delegates have proof positive that



KEFAUVER AT HOME[®]
Mother packed the wrong shoes.

the Legend is a better vote-getter than the Liability, they might—just possibly—rebel and nominate the man in the conkskin cap.

But this speculation hangs on Senator Legend. As yet, handshaking, mild, compromising Senator Kefauver hasn't caught up with him.

TRIALS

For Misconduct

Convicted last week for misconduct as a U.S. Collector of Internal Revenue: James P. Finnegan, 51, once a Fair Deal influence peddler and trusted crony of Harry Truman. After a nine-day trial in St. Louis' federal court, a jury found Finnegan guilty of illegally accepting some \$8,000 in fees from two private companies for helping them collect a claim and a loan from the U.S. Government.

® With Diane (4), Gail (1), David (6). Absent: Eleanor (10).

THE PRESIDENCY

The Wonderful Wastebasket

The contents of one of the world's most interesting wastebaskets is laid before the U.S. public this week in the form of a book called *Mr. President* (Farrar, Straus & Young; \$5). Explorer of the wastebasket: William Hillman, White House correspondent for the Mutual Broadcasting System. Author of at least 90% of the text: Harry S. Truman, 33rd President of the U.S.

Hillman begins, appropriately, by quoting Truman: "I want the people to know the Presidency as I have experienced it and to know me as I am."

To this end, Truman gave Hillman full access to his personal correspondence, memorandums, diaries and written reveries. To the written material, he has added interviews of Truman by Hillman. All this is tossed together in a jumble from which the patient reader can piece together a better picture of Truman, the man and the President, than historians have been able to construct from the records of more complex and less candid Presidents.

The Delegator. Truman is justifiably proud of the improvement in the day-to-day running of the vast Government machine over which he presides. He does not say so, but it is a fact that the personal government of F.D.R., who was his own Secretary of State, the Treasury, War, Navy and Labor, had brought the Government near to operational chaos. Truman knew that he could not run the Presidency that way. He says:

"No one man really can fill the Presidency. The Presidency has too many and too great responsibilities. All a man can do is to try to meet them. He must be able to judge men, delegate responsibility and back up those he trusts . . .

"I think I have revived the Cabinet system and that I made it work as a real group of administrators and advisers to the President."

An administrator who delegates authority can degenerate into a puppet. Not Truman. From the first, his genuine humility in the face of his job was balanced—and sometimes more than balanced—by a natural cockiness and by his sense of the President's responsibility.

The Boss. For instance, he liked and trusted James F. Byrnes, and he knew he himself had little background in foreign affairs. Yet on Jan. 5, 1946, he wrote Byrnes, then Secretary of State, a blistering letter on Byrnes' failure to report to the White House on a conference in Moscow. Truman says that he did not send the letter, but read it to Byrnes.*

"I received no communication from you directly while you were in Moscow . . . The protocol was not submitted to me nor was the communiqué. I was completely

*Byrnes this week hotly denied that Truman had ever read him the letter. "Had he done so, he would have had to write another letter accepting my resignation," said Byrnes.

ly in the dark on the whole conference until I requested you to come to the *Williamsburg* and inform me. The communiqué was released before I ever saw it."

In the same 1946 letter, the President lays down a foreign policy somewhat stronger than any of his Secretaries of State ever achieved—or attempted:

"There isn't a doubt in my mind that Russia intends an invasion of Turkey and the seizure of the Black Sea Straits to the Mediterranean. Unless Russia is faced with an iron fist and strong language, another war is in the making. Only one language do they understand—'How many divisions have you?'"

"I do not think that we should play compromise any longer . . . We should rehabilitate China and create a strong central government there. We should do the same for Korea . . .

"I'm tired babying the Soviets."

In his diary, Truman recalls the uproar over his letter to the Washington *Post's* Music Critic Paul Hume, who panned a Margaret Truman recital. Concludes the President and fond father: "Well, I've had a grand time this day. I've been accused of putting my baby who is the apple of my eye in a bad position. I don't think that is so. She doesn't either—thank the Almighty."

Truman, however, explains to Hillman: "I rarely write angry letters . . . Most of the letters I write are the letters of a good neighbor. I like to gossip with friends. I like to exchange views and opinions with people in all walks of life."

Some Truman views, conventional and unconventional, disclosed in *Mr. President*:
 ♣ Sherman, or whoever said "War is hell," was right.

♣ Cicero and Demosthenes were the greatest orators of all time; Truman, in fact, used to try to write his speeches in the style of Cicero, but gave up—he does not say when.

♣ Charles Dickens should not have used the name Uriah for Uriah Heep," a sniveling hypocrite," because the biblical Uriah was "one of the bravest and one of the best soldiers."

♣ The Prophet Amos is not properly appreciated. "There are only nine chapters in the Bible on Amos, but Amos says as much in those few chapters as Isaiah did in 66 chapters." Besides, "Amos was interested in the welfare of the average man."

Missouri Days. In *Mr. President* Truman tells—several times—the story of his childhood, youth and career. It is easy to see where his self-confidence comes from. He did not aim high in politics, but he was, in the main, successful in what he did, and he was respected by the people whom he respected. He makes an apparently straightforward story of his long relationship with Boss T. J. Pendergast of Kansas City. His first contact with Pendergast, who was "interested in county patronage and county purchases," came after Truman was elected Presiding Judge of the Jackson County Court (a non-judicial administrative office). "Pendergast was interested in having as many

friends in key positions as possible, but he always took the position that if a man didn't do the job he was supposed to do, fire him and get someone who would. I always followed such a policy."

Truman tells of an occasion when Pendergast asked him to attend a meeting of local contractors.

"I told him I would. I met them with T. J. present. They gave me the old song and dance about being local citizens and taxpayers and that they should have an inside track to the construction contracts. I told them that the contracts would be let to the lowest bidders wherever they came from* . . . T. J. turned to his friends and said 'I told you that he's the contrarian man in the county. Get out of

and asked him if I could be the low sort of fellow that Davis charged and still be Grand Master of Masons of Missouri. Mr. Donnell said: 'No, Jim, he could not.' That ruined Mr. Davis—I won by 276,000 votes."

Lightning Strikes Twice. Truman did not want to be Vice President. He was about to leave Independence to drive to Chicago for the 1944 convention when Byrnes telephoned and asked Truman to nominate him for Vice President. Truman said sure, if that was what F.D.R. wanted. He was about to leave again when Alben Barkley called and asked Truman to nominate him. Truman explained that he was committed to Byrnes.

At the convention Truman worked for



TRUMAN BEING SWORN IN* (1945)
 Said Mrs. Roosevelt: "What can we do for you?"

here.' When they were gone, he said to me: 'You carry out your commitment to the voters.' I did just that . . . Pendergast was always a man of his word with me."

Truman is very proud of his record as a devoted Mason (now 33rd degree), and proud that his Masonic connection helped him in politics. It helped him once in a rather spectacular way. Running for reelection to the U.S. Senate, Truman was under bitter personal attack by the Republican candidate, Marvel Davis of Kansas City. Says Truman:

"I had a Catholic friend in St. Louis by the name of James E. Wade. He attended a meeting [where] Davis made his usual charges. Forrest Donnell, who afterwards became [Republican] Governor and Senator, was speaking from the same platform. Donnell was just behind me in the Grand Lodge line and would be Grand Master in a year or two.

"So Jim Wade went up to him . . .

Byrnes, who kept telling him that Roosevelt was about to make a public endorsement of the Byrnes candidacy. Instead, the late Robert Hannegan, then chairman of the Democratic National Committee, told Truman that F.D.R. had decided that Truman should be the candidate. Truman refused. Missourian Hannegan, in his presence, telephoned F.D.R. that Truman was a "mushy and contrary man." Truman then heard Roosevelt say: "Well, if he wants to let the Democratic Party and the country down in the midst of a war, that is his responsibility."

Says Truman: "I was, to put it mildly, stunned. I stood around for at least five minutes, and then I said 'I'll do what the President wants.'"

A few days after he became President, Truman wrote out an account of his accession to that office. He was summoned to the White House and "Mrs. Roosevelt put her arm around my shoulder and said, 'The President is dead.' That was the first

* Pendergast could afford to be relaxed about contracts. His own Ready Mixed Concrete Co. enjoyed a virtual monopoly of this service in Kansas City and Jackson County.

* From left: The President, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau Jr., Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius Jr., Mrs. Truman, Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone.

inking I had of the seriousness of the situation.

"I then asked what I could do, and she said, 'What can we do for you?'"

Truman called a Cabinet meeting, sent for Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone, for Mrs. Truman and Margaret, and for congressional leaders. He took the oath "beginning at 7:08 and finished at 7:09." Truman then says:

"I was very much shocked. I am not easily shocked, but I was certainly shocked when I was told [that] the weight of the Government had fallen on my shoulders . . . I knew the President had a great many meetings with Churchill and Stalin, I was not familiar with any of these things, and it was really something to think about, but I decided the best thing to do was to go home and get as much rest as possible and face the music . . . Went to bed, went to sleep, and did not worry any more that day."

"**What a Life!**" Truman has never escaped a sort of schoolboy wonder at being President, and he expresses his wonder in schoolboy terms. Here is a diary entry of Nov. 1, 1949:

"Had dinner by myself tonight . . . A butler came in very formally and said, 'Mr. President, dinner is served.' I walk into the dining room in the Blair House. Barnett in tails and white tie pulls out my chair, pushes me up to the table. John in tails and white tie brings me a fruit cup, Barnett takes away the empty cup. John brings me a plate, Barnett brings me a tenderloin, John brings me asparagus, Barnett brings me carrots and beets. I have to eat alone and in silence in candlelit room. I ring, Barnett takes the plate and butter plate. John comes in with a napkin and silver crumb tray—there are no crumbs but John has to brush them off the table anyway. Barnett brings me a plate with a finger bowl and doily on it. I remove the finger bowl and doily and John puts a glass saucer and a little bowl on the plate. Barnett brings me some chocolate custard. John brings me a demitasse (at home a little cup of coffee—about two good gulps) and my dinner is over. I take a hand bath in the finger bowl and go back to work. What a life!"

There he sits, and there he may sit for four years more—a determinedly average man; humble before his responsibilities and anything but humble in the employment of his power; a storehouse of historical fact with little feeling for the sweep, drama and philosophy of history; a man quick to abuse who feels himself to be abused; a man whose good moral instincts cannot cope either with the sins of his old friends tempted by boodle or the softness of his new friends who have failed to build him a strong foreign policy.

Mr. President, disorganized as it is, gets the man over. It will delight Truman's admirers, and it will cause those who deplore him to gnash their teeth. Nobody, however, can deny that it is a strange and wonderful fact that the man pictured in Mr. President can be President of the U.S., anno Domini 1952.

Follow the Gleam

The interesting point about Harry Truman's decision to interrupt his vacation was: Why? What impelled the President to fly 2,400 miles from Key West to New York and back again, all within 32 hours and all for a 15-minute talk to 3,000 boys & girls?

Some of the youngsters—student editors convened from every section of the country by Columbia's Scholastic Press Association—excitedly wondered if the President would toss them a whopping scoop, such as an announcement that he will run for office again. Harry Truman chose not to let that cat out of the bag. Instead, beamish and bubbly, he told his young audience in the Waldorf-Astoria's grand ballroom:

"I came all the way up here . . . because the future of this great republic of ours depends upon young people like you . . ."

Rambling and reminiscing, the President recalled that he himself had once been a boy editor for the *Independence* (Mo.) high school paper. It was called *The Gleam*, "after that admonition in Tennyson's poem—'After it, follow it, follow the Gleam.'"^{*} Then Truman, who seldom misses a chance to upbraid the press, got in a typical dig: "We do have . . . some publications which do not care very much for the truth . . . I hope that if any of you become editors of great publications . . . you will stick strictly to the truth and nothing but the truth . . ."

He mentioned (favorably) the *Golden Rule*, the *Sermon on the Mount*, the *Ten Commandments* and the *Constitution*. He fair-dealed history, thus: "There are few-

^{*} From *Merlin and the Gleam*. Tennyson later wrote that "the Gleam . . . signifies . . . the higher poetic imagination."



NEWBOLD MORRIS
One . . . two . . . three . . . wham!

er poor people and more well-to-do people in this country now than ever before . . . This great record of progress is the result of our . . . Fair Deal . . ." The President, in closing, hoped the youngsters would carry on the high endeavor.

One of the young editors, ten-year-old Tommy Piper of Lock Haven (Pa.), reported the gist of it all in terse journalisticese: "The President . . . told about why he had come from Florida. The reason was very simple. He had come to talk to us so we would grow up to be good men like him."

INVESTIGATIONS

"I Guess I Am a Softy"

Hell hath no fury like a reformer caught in a saloon, even if he is only having a short beer. As President Truman's cleanup man, New York's dressy, blue-blooded Republican Newbold Morris has been having a terrible time with a similar embarrassment—a connection (*TIME*, March 17) with the Chinese tanker scandal. But when he sat down last week to be questioned by Senate investigators, he seemed determined to keep cool, smile, smile, let superior reason (his) prevail, and thus sweep all before him. Result: he alternated between anger, self-pity, exaggerated politeness and flippancy.

At his wife's behest, he brought in a small sign which reminded him to "Keep Your Shirt On," and placed it on the table before him. Relaxed, nibbling on his tortoise-shell spectacles, at times almost hammy polite, he did not argue the fact that his law firm had represented United Tanker Corp.—a Chinese-financed firm which had bought surplus U.S. ships and shipped cargoes to Communist ports in 1949 and 1950. He was equally calm in the face of another fact: he is president of a philanthropic organization, China International Foundation, which controls United's stock.

How to Hurt the Reds. Morris' defense is that the shipments were not contrary to official U.S. policy at the time, and that he, busy with running for mayor of New York, didn't know about the shipments until shortly before they stopped. Morris further maintained that he did not get a penny, personally, from the tanker deal. But South Dakota's stubborn Republican Senator Karl Mundt wanted to know: "What was your share of [the Morris law firm's] \$158,000 in fees?" To keep his temper, Morris counted slowly, "One . . . two . . . three . . ." and then said he did not know. Mundt estimated \$30,000. With a put-upon air, Morris did not deny it.

The going got rougher. At one point, Morris complained that his questioner of the moment—Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy—"is a terrier. He likes to shake the animal."

Said McCarthy: "Let us assume . . . without admitting it, that your purpose was simon-pure. I am asking whether you and I agree that your tankers did help the Communist cause in China . . . By giving them scarce oil?"

Of all the replies Morris might have made, he chose one best calculated to annoy the committee and cast doubts on his own judgment. Said Morris: "Well, if you want to look at it from another point of view, think what a dreadful thing they did to the Communist economy. They deprived them of dollars . . . They helped to draw dollars out of Russia. Was that not good?"

The questioning continued:

McCarthy: "Now that you are aware that your tanker [a United Tanker Corp. ship] moved roughly 250,000 gallons of aviation lubricating oil to a Communist port . . . about a month before the Korean war started . . . is it too farfetched to assume that aviation oil did result in the deaths of American men up in Korea?"

Morris: "Well, 250,000 gallons wouldn't take care of the taxicabs in Washington in one day* . . . How do I know it was for the war machine of China? You said it was. How do I know?"

McCarthy: "Do you think it was not? Do you think they were using aviation lubricating oil for something other than the war machine of China? Do you?"

Morris: "They might have had passenger planes in China. I don't know."

McCarthy summed up his case: "Since your foundation owned all the stock in United and you helped sign the death warrant of American boys in Korea, you were either the greatest dupe or the greatest dope of all time . . ."

Morris turned beet-red, removed his "Keep Your Shirt On" sign. "Excuse me," he shouted. "You've knocked off a lot of characters before, but you're not going to knock mine off."

Mental Brutality? As the session drew to its close, Morris blew up with a bang. "Down here in Washington," he said, "you've created an atmosphere so vile that people have lost confidence in their Government . . . I don't think that any man with red blood in his veins could sit here and take the insinuations left by the diseased minds in this chamber!"

At another point, Morris reached the depths of public self-pity with this:

"[McCarthy's questioning] is very similar to what they did to Cardinal Mindszenty, what the Hungarian Communists did. Gradually, you can wear a witness down. That is what you call mental brutality." Later, Morris, his lips trembling with emotion, repeated his speech on TV.

When Morris ducked questions about his personal business, the committee pointed out that Morris, in his capacity as investigator, had sent out 25,000 questionnaires asking Government employees searching questions about their personal business.

Whatever else it did, the investigation would hurt Morris' effort to get subpoena powers from Congress. He just did not

* In trying to minimize the importance of the oil to Red China, Morris erred factually as well as tactically. All the taxicabs in Washington would take about nine months to use 150,000 gallons of lube oil, and the present Chinese Red air force might get along for three months on it.



CONNALLY & HARRIMAN
"You call \$7 billion a small sum?"

Associated Press

seem to be made for either the giving or receiving end of an investigation. As he himself put it: "I am a queer kind of guy. You probably wouldn't understand me . . . It is kind of hard to explain. I guess I am a softy, Mr. Chairman."

FOREIGN RELATIONS To Cut or Not to Cut

The Administration has no illusions about the tough battle it must fight to keep Congress from cutting deeply into President Truman's \$7.9 billion request for foreign aid. Last week Mutual Security Director Averell Harriman, Secretary of State Dean Acheson, Secretary of Defense Robert Lovett and Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Omar Bradley wheeled into action. Before 40-odd members of congressional committees sitting jointly, the Administration's big guns laid down a barrage of painstakingly prepared statements.

Gist of the cannonade, in the words of Averell Harriman: "Any decision to cut [mutual security] is a decision to reduce the strength which is being built in the free world for our common defense against the threat of the Kremlin. A substantial cut would gravely impair our security."

Next day, when Harriman sat down before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the counterfire began. First potshots came from Texas' irascible old Tom Connally, the committee chairman.

Democrat Connally lost no time in letting it be known that he was not fooled by mutual security semantics, particularly by the substitution of "defense support" for "economic aid." It was all a "device," he cried, to prolong ECA aid, which was supposed to end in 1952. Harriman quietly insisted: "It is not a device, but a method of building up our military security."

At another point Connally shouted: "We can't go on forever appropriating large sums of money to the United King-

dom, France and other countries, and we're under no obligation to do so." Once Harriman spoke of the "very small sum" involved in mutual security, Connally glared, his big mouth popped open and his cigar tumbled ashes down his vest as he asked: "You call \$7 billion a small sum?" Hastily Harriman explained he meant "relatively small" in comparison with the importance of strengthening the free world.

This week the hearings continued. Most congressional critics were not trying to stop a mutual security program, but only to hold its cost down. It looked as though the Administration fight for the whole \$7.9 billion (besides Connally's committee, the request must go through the Senate Armed Services, House Foreign Affairs, Senate and House appropriations committees) would prove as tough, in its way, as getting France and Germany to link arms in Europe.

TAXES A New B. I. R.

Civil Service status for the 64 U.S. Collectors of Internal Revenue was urged three years ago by Herbert Hoover's commission on reorganizing the Federal Government. But the collectorships are among the juiciest patronage plums in politics, and Old Pol Harry Truman ignored the Hoover recommendation. Then, last year, scandal after scandal rocked the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Harry Truman decided to ask Congress to replace the 64 collectors with not more than 95 District Commissioners and Deputy District Commissioners (salaries: \$12,000 to \$14,800) under Civil Service control.

Last week, following up passage by the House in January, a Senate majority (30 Democrats and 23 Republicans for, 18 Democrats and 19 Republicans against) voted for the B.I.R. reform.

NEWS IN PICTURES

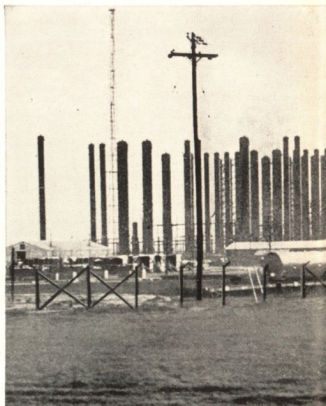


LOCUST PLAGUE: Employees of Arabian American Oil Co. headquarters at Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, use homemade noisemakers to

Associated Press
drive off hungry invaders. U.S. will spend \$445,000 of Point Four funds this year, fighting pest in Middle East from Libya to Pakistan.



Associated Press
ARMS FOR EUROPE: U.S. Thunderjets, in protective cocoons, are towed through Copenhagen for delivery to Danish Air Force.

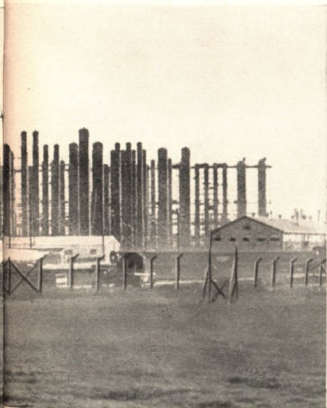


HYDROGEN BOMB PLANT: Towering cylindrical tanks rise on site of 202,000-acre Savannah River project, biggest (\$1¼ billion)



CUBAN "DEMOCRACY": Back in power after cheap (two lives) 77-minute revolution (see HEMISPHERE), Strong Man Batista tells troops

International
he only did it to protect the country. From same spot (Camp Columbia, near Havana), 19 years ago, ex-sergeant did it once before.



Associated Press
construction job in history. AEC cleared picture, snapped from window of passing train, but refused to discuss details of secret installations.



United Press
GONDOLIER'S FUNERAL: Venetian boatmen, following floating bier, pay last tribute to 14-time winner of annual Gondola Regatta.

NATO

The Man with the Oilcan

"This ridiculous situation," snapped Britain's *Manchester Guardian*, "must be providing Moscow with their best laugh this year." NATO, with all its prestige, was unable to find a man to fill its top civilian post.

Sir Oliver Franks, British ambassador to the U.S., was everyone's first choice when the new job of NATO secretary general was created at Lisbon (*TIME*, March 3). But Sir Oliver said no. The job was next offered to Canada's External Affairs Secretary Lester ("Mike") Pearson, and then to The Netherlands' Foreign Minister Dirk Stikker. Their governments refused to spare them.

Did no one want one of the most crucial jobs in the Western world? At this absurd point, Winston Churchill stepped in: he proffered his own closest wartime comrade and personal friend, 64-year-old General Lord Ismay.

The Mad Mullah. As Churchill's personal chief of staff during World War II, "Pug" Ismay knew, Churchill later wrote, "exactly how my mind was working from day to day." He patiently stayed up night after night, adjusting himself to Churchill's nocturnal hours, went with Churchill to Casablanca, Cairo, Moscow, Teheran and Yalta. "The man with the oilcan," top Allied leaders called him. "When he's around, the wheels turn."

Pug Ismay was born in India, and raised to be a soldier. After Sandhurst, he served in the Punjab, and in World War I successfully led a camel corps in Somaliland against the fanatical forces of the "Mad Mullah" Mohammed Ibn Abdullah. Churchill first saw and admired Ismay during England's near-revolutionary general strike in 1926. Ismay, then on the Imperial Defense Committee, called out the territorial army to help put the strike down. Churchill signaled him to his side when he became Prime Minister in 1940.

Clement Attlee was impressed by Ismay too, and sent him to India as Viceroy Mountbatten's chief of staff in the ticklish days when Britain handed over power to the Indians.

The Heavy Harness. A big, robust man, Ismay has the tact and shrewdness needed for NATO's new job. He, himself, in a House of Lords speech last year, was searchingly critical of NATO's unwieldy complexity: "Rather a lot of harness and not much horse," he called it. "I believe there is a hiatus at the summit."

At Lisbon, the harness was lightened. To do the work of 35 to 40 ministers, who were too busy with their own domestic concerns to devote much time to NATO, a new day-to-day council of 14 full-time ambassadors from NATO's 14 countries was set up (U.S. representative on the new council: William Draper). It will meet in Paris, near General Eisenhower's headquarters.



NATO'S LORD ISMAY
Less harness for his horse.

Ismay will be the council's permanent chairman, the chief administrator of its staff, its top civilian liaison man with its nominal military subordinate, General Eisenhower, and the man who must nudge the governments to make sure they carry out their commitments. It will be up to Ismay to see that the hiatus at the summit is filled.

WAR IN KOREA

Biggest Fire Raid

The place might have looked like a native collection of huts—except that U.S. air maps showed no village on the site, certainly not one that covered four square miles. Actually it was a big Communist supply dump, 30 miles northwest of the Panmunjom truce site. The Reds tried their best to disguise it by covering the boxes, barrels and bags with thatching that looked like roofs. A month ago, U.S. reconnaissance pilots spotted the dump for what it was. But the airmen waited while it grew into one of the lushest supply targets in North Korea.

At first light one morning last week, blue-black F-80 Shooting Stars began howling off the runways of the 8th Fighter-Bomber Wing, making the short run to the target, setting it on fire with napalm. The enemy sent his fast MIGs down from the north to interfere, but they were driven off with heavy losses by U.S. Sabres. As fast as the F-80s got back to base, they were reloaded and refueled for follow-up missions; altogether the wing flew 250 sorties. The fighter-bombers knocked out 32 Red antiaircraft positions, dropped some 33,000 gallons of napalm in the biggest fire raid of the war.

Result: one supply dump a mass of

black and shredded ruins. It was a good day's work, but U.N. commanders believe that in other and better concealed places the Reds in recent months have been able to pile up far more supplies than they had when they launched their two big offensives in April and May a year ago.

Quiet Has Been Restored

On Koje, the bleak and bloody island where the U.N. holds 130,000-odd Chinese and North Korean prisoners of war, strife between Communist and anti-Communist factions is constant, relentless and apparently uncontrollable. Recently, among the North Koreans in Compound 93, the anti-Reds got the upper hand, and the enclosure was suddenly converted to freedom. Work parties from 93 began to sing South Korean songs and wave homemade R.O.K. flags as they were marched to & from their jobs.

Last week a work party of about 150 exalted converts from Compound 93, under a small guard of R.O.K. troops commanded by an R.O.K. sergeant, was marched along a road skirting Compound 92, whose North Korean inmates are still incorrigible Communists. The anti-Communists not only sang songs and waved flags, they hurled taunts and insults. The Communists inside the barred wire answered with a heavy barrage of stones, thrown as fast as they could pick them up from well-prepared caches.

A U.S. security officer, Captain Walter R. Leahy, who had sensed trouble as soon as he saw the work party approaching Compound 92, rushed to the scene, waved a white flag, ordered the South Koreans not to shoot and pleaded with 92's inmates to stop throwing stones. Captain Leahy was hit by three or four stones, one of which struck him in the face and knocked him down. When he regained his senses, the South Korean guards were shooting through the wire. It was soon over; but twelve of Compound 92's Communists were killed, 26 wounded. Said the U.S. Second Logistical Command, which is responsible for Koje: "Quiet has been restored, and all prisoners are complying fully with the orders of the authorities."

The camp command took what comfort it could from the fact that no American had killed anyone, and that the episode was much less bloody than last month's organized rebellion, in which more than 200 Communists were shot down with 40 U.S. casualties (*TIME*, March 3). Said General James Van Fleet: "There'd be no incidents down there if the Communists would only behave." At Panmunjom, Admiral Libby duly made a report on last week's riot to the Communist negotiators, who received it with bitter comments and hints that more would be heard from them later. The unfortunate outbreak was one more bone to pick over in the truce talks, which are already amply strewn with bones of contention. Peace last week seemed farther and farther away.

CHINA

Trial by Sound-Truck

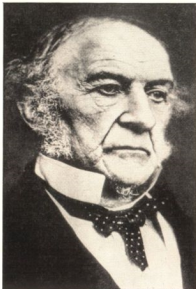
"I have not been corrupt," insisted one honest Shanghai druggist. "I don't care how long you investigate. You can shoot me if you like, but I am not going to confess." It did him no good. The "masses present," said Shanghai's Communist *Liberation Daily*, merely became angry; they demanded his arrest anyway. "Thus was one more stubborn tiger sniffed out and exterminated."

Earsplitting Indictment. Tiger, in China's current Communist jargon, means corrupt capitalist. But last week, as Red China's tiger hunt (*TIME*, March 17) screamed into new heights of shrill persecution, the quarry seemed less like vicious beasts of the jungle than treed and terrified house-cats. Chinese Communism has developed a new weapon to rout out its bourgeois enemies, a weapon unthought of by less imaginative dictatorships: trial by sound-truck. Like baying hounds at the foot of a tree, Communism's sound-trucks last week planted themselves in the streets outside of tradesmen's shops and called their "crimes" to public attention in earsplitting indictment. Panicked merchants, businessmen and petty public servants raced from their hiding places by the thousand to seek doubtful sanctuary in public confession or to join the hue and cry, and hunt with the hunters.

One Shanghai shop assistant last week tried for a while to protect his employer. "The boss has been very kind to me," he explained. "When I was not feeling well, he gave me money and told me to go home and take a rest. It would be against my conscience to denounce him." A pack of Communist terriers yelped that such kindness was merely an old capitalistic trick of tempting with favors. "After being thus educated," said Shanghai's *People's Daily*, "the shop assistant immediately denounced his boss for ten offenses."

Unsurpassed Prosperity. No such education was needed for the seven employees of Chang Kuo-liang, known for years in Shanghai as the *Lungyen King*. At his Unsurpassed Prosperity Shop at the corner of Canton and Fukien Roads, Chang had long sold the best dragon's-eyes or *lungyen* nuts (something like liches) in the city, together with two patent medicines of his own invention: Ginseng *Lungyen* Tonic Syrup and another *lungyen* tonic for menstrual troubles. Through wars, revolutions and even the Japanese occupation, Chang had prospered, planting his profits in Shanghai real estate and running his business on traditionally paternalistic lines. His seven employees had all been with him since their teens, learning the business thoroughly. After proper education at Communist hands, it made them useful informers.

Sound-trucks moved into Canton Road opposite Chang's Prosperity Shop. "Hey you, Dragon's-Eye King," they began



WILLIAM GLADSTONE
A little egg in his sherry.

blaring. "How about all that money you made from the sweat of your employees? You'd better step up and confess before it's too late!" Frightened Chang hastened to the campaign headquarters and confessed to a few shady deals and some tax evasions. Next day the sound-trucks were back again. "Hey, *Lungyen King*," they shouted, "your confessions have not been thorough! How about those miserable wages you paid? You'd better admit all or else! . . ." Chang raced to headquarters and confessed some more, but it was still not enough. Next day and the next and the next, the loudspeakers were back to hurl more accusations. Chang confessed and confessed, to no avail. "*Lungyen King Chang*," the speakers roared in finality, "we know of more than 80 crimes you have committed. Come and confess them all!"

There Chinese Communist papers left the story of the *Lungyen King*. In Hong Kong last week, new refugees from behind the Bamboo Curtain told the rest. This is their account:

Huddled helpless in his Unsurpassed Prosperity Shop, the King of Dragon's-Eyes at last reached a decision. All right, he announced, he would make a full, complete, thorough confession, and in honor of the occasion he would stage a great feast. The banquet was spread. To the table Chang brought his wife and five children, all seven of the employees who had been his chief accusers, their wives and their children. It was a solemn occasion, with wine and toasts. But there were no after-dinner speeches. Before the meal was half over, all the banqueters were dead. The *Lungyen King* had killed them all, and himself as well, with a liberal seasoning of potassium cyanide.

GREAT BRITAIN

A Tory Budget

For the first time in 50 years, because of Britain's economic crisis, Budget Day had been moved up early, before the new fiscal year begins. Members of the House of Commons overflowed the benches and squatted on their haunches in the gangways when Chancellor of the Exchequer Richard A. Butler strode in with an old red dispatch box in his hand. The ragged little red box was the same one in which keepers of the British Treasury since Gladstone's day have brought the annual budget to the House. Never did it contain one that was more grimly awaited.

A Little Lubrication. The day was crucial also for "Rab" Butler, who, at 49, is already crowding Anthony Eden as heir to Winston Churchill in the Conservative Party. The ordeal of the budget speech has made some politicians (outstanding example: Gladstone, in 1853), and unmade others. Rab Butler, a dryly confident man, disdained the traditional liquid comfort allowed Chancellors of the Exchequer on Budget Day: Disraeli nipped brandy; Gladstone used to ease the long, worry way with sips of a mixture of eggs and sherry; Winston Churchill drank a weak mixture that looked suspiciously like brandy; Sir John Simon felt the need of a concoction of honey, lemon and brown sugar; abstemious Sir Stafford Cripps drank orange juice.

Rab Butler, as cool and austere as a London winter, primly sipped from a glass of water, and launched into a speech that was to veer Britain away from six years of Socialist economics.

New Sacrifices. Quickly he reviewed the past twelve months of Laborite rule: "Unfortunately," he said, "Great Expectations" was followed by "Bleak House." Then he painted a picture of Britain's bleak house—a massive rearmament program piled on top of an already overstrained economy, a country galloping toward hopeless indebtedness to the outside world and runaway inflation at home. Matter-of-factly he called for new sacrifices.

£ A £100 million cut in British imports.

£ A drastic increase in the British bank rate—from 2½% to 4%—to make bank borrowing costlier and credit tighter.

£ A hefty (30%) excess profits tax on business and industry.

£ A 9¢ increase in gasoline taxes. Gas will now cost 59½¢ a gallon. Also increased: taxes on tickets to cricket and soccer games, telegrams, telephone calls.

So far the news was bad, but not catastrophic; the House rustled with uneasy expectations. But Chancellor Butler was not yet done. "We mean to try to take a new line to get us out of our difficulties," he told Britons. "I am asking you to face up to the reality of what things cost . . ."

On the Opposition benches, the Laborites stirred uncomfortably as Rab Butler

recalled some words of Sir Stafford Cripps—words that were critical of the great funds the government was spending on food subsidies, a wartime device which the Laborites continued in peacetime to keep prices low in the marketplace. Then Butler let the ax blade fall.

A Nine-Cent Loaf. The new government, he announced, will cut the annual outlay for food subsidies from £410 million down to £250 million, a slash of 39%; prices will be allowed to rise in the marketplace accordingly. It means, Butler reckoned, that the food bill of every Briton will rise immediately by about 2½¢ a week. Sample increases: milk from 14¢ to 15¢ a quart; stewing beef from 23¢ to 28¢ a pound; bread from 7¢ to 9¢.

The Opposition exploded with a roar. "Woolton! Woolton!" stormed Laborites, shaking their fists at the Peers' Gallery

ist Labor's policy of "fair shares for all." Britain was switching back to an economy based on greater rewards for harder work. The new taxes were rigged to encourage overtime work, which in the past had been discouraged by tax rates. If it encourages coal miners, for example, to produce only 10% more coal, that alone would go a long way toward erasing the deficit in the international balance of payments.

"Restriction and austerity are not enough," concluded Rab Butler. "We want a system which offers us both more realism and more hope." He sat down to thunderous cheers from the government side of Commons.

His policy was both courageous and clever—courageous because it risked the Conservatives' popularity by putting up the food bill, clever because it softened that with concessions and incentives that

Truculent Truce

In an atmosphere hot with the steam of seething tempers, the riven ranks of British Labor met last week in a parliamentary committee room to patch up their difference—or open the rift irrevocably. For once, Party Leader Clement Attlee had thrown his native caution to the winds. He came to the meeting armed with a resolution demanding that the rebel Bevanites come to heel, without reservation. They must support, among other things, rearmament. Bevan himself, in a speech in his own constituency of Ebbw Vale, had all but threatened to withdraw from the party if such a resolution were pressed.

At the party meeting, Bevan taunted Attlee by saying, "Clem, you're a liar." Attlee sputtered back: "You are!" At that warm moment, Tom O'Brien, leader of the studio and theater workers' union, broke in: "May I propose that we transfer this meeting to Westminster Hall where we can have a brass plaque inserted in the floor to record for history. 'On this spot, the Labor Party committed suicide, aided and abetted by Clement Attlee and Aneurin Bevan?'"

His quip did the trick. The tension relaxed; sanity and even some order were restored. A moment later, onetime Bevanite John Strachey claimed the floor to introduce a compromise resolution urging re-establishment of the old rule that Laborites must promise to vote with the party except on "matters of conscience," e.g., pacifism. Still quivering, Clem and Nye were both persuaded to accept the motion. Labor's rift was thus papered over for the time being—but the crack was still there.

Five days later, in Durham, Nye Bevan aired a few of his current opinions:

❑ U.S. policy is "doing more damage to Europe than Stalin could ever do."

❑ Socialists all over Europe should unite in a coalition against the policies of both the Soviet Union ("poisoned by years of frustration") and the U.S. ("dominated far too much by capitalism and financiers"). "I am not anti-American. I am not anti-anybody, but I don't believe the American nation has the experience, sagacity or self-restraint necessary for world leadership at this time."

❑ The idea that Russia has any notion of making war on Western Europe constitutes "a monstrous misreading of history."

GERMANY

The Professor

The first time Professor Walter Hallstein visited the U.S., he was marched ashore at the point of an M1 carbine in 1944. He was a P.W., an owlish-looking *Wehrmacht* lieutenant captured at Cherbourg, and he was bound for the stockade at Camp Como, Miss. He didn't mind much. "It was like a monastery," he recalls, "an ideal place for study. No alcohol, no girls, no outside diversions."

Last week, a bachelor at 51, the Herr



Low's "BUDGET CUT"

Courtesy London Daily Herald

After "fair shares for all," greater rewards for harder work.

where, next to the Duke of Edinburgh, looking down on the budget proceeding, sat Lord Woolton, one of the powers in the Tory Party. As wartime Minister of Food, Woolton had introduced food subsidies; during last autumn's election campaign he said emphatically that the Conservatives did not plan to cut them. "More broken promises!" cried a Labor M.P.

Rab Butler was howled down three times before he could proceed. But soon, unruffled and undiscouraged, he continued with some good news. The government intended to ease the burden by:

❑ Raising family allowances from five to eight shillings (\$1.12) a week for each child after the first.

❑ Increasing old-age and widows' pensions.

❑ Reducing income taxes in the middle- and lower-income groups, and exempting 2,000,000 Britons from paying any income tax at all.

A Big Carrot. Here, in the rejuggling of subsidies and taxes, was the key to Rab Butler's budget. After six years of Social-

the Opposition would find hard to attack. Example: exactly half of the £160 million saved by cutting food subsidies will be given back to the people in the form of increased social benefits. The Laborites, convinced that they were watching the beginning of the shrinking of their welfare state, pounced to the attack. Their theme, as set next day by former Chancellor Hugh Gaitskell: the budget "is a lamentable move to take from the poor people and give to the wealthier."

But it was outside the House of Commons, in the terrifying maze of supply & demand, production and incentive, sterling and dollar, that the real test of Britain's new policy would be made. On that testing ground, the contents of Rab Butler's little red box last week scored an almost immediate, if tentative, success. Three days after the budget box was opened, Britain's pound sterling climbed in the world market to its highest level since before devaluation in September 1949. In New York, it rose to \$2.81½, more than a penny above par.



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Professor was back in the U.S. But behind him this time stood the growing importance of the Bonn Republic. The *Wehrmacht* lieutenant was now Bonn's first Secretary of State and, in all but name, Foreign Minister of the new West German Republic. His destination was not a prison camp but Washington's Georgetown University, where he was scheduled to deliver a lecture.

Candid Answer. In prison camp, Hallstein had quickly been spotted as a "good German," and hustled home after V-E Day to help remake his country. Elected rector of Frankfurt University, he was busy trying to run a university of penniless students and wrecked buildings when his phone rang one day in the spring of 1950. The call summoned Hallstein to Bonn. There Chancellor Konrad Adenauer asked: "What do you know about the Schuman Plan?" Replied the professor candidly: "Something less than there has been in the newspapers." Hallstein emerged from the Chancellery as chief of Germany's Schuman Plan delegation.

When the Allies allowed Bonn to have foreign affairs, Professor Hallstein, dressed in a worn tweed jacket and odd slacks, became the postwar successor to arrogant Nazi Joachim von Ribbentrop. He was no pro, but that fact was reassuring to Germany's unforgiving neighbors. To ease French fears that Germany might dominate the Schuman Plan, he quietly pointed out that the Ruhr will contribute more than half of the coal and one-third of the steel, but will have only two members on the nine-man high authority.

Wined & Dined. Arriving in Washington last week without fanfare, and all but ignored in the press, he expressed a mild hope that the State Department might find a little time for him. The Department did better than that. He chatted privately for 20 minutes with Dean Acheson,

dined with two assistant secretaries, and was cross-questioned by 20 State Department German specialists.

Their verdict was the same as that of Western European diplomats: even those who question Germany's regeneration do not question the professor's sincerity. He calls European unity "the new reality," but realizes as well as anyone else that the new reality has not yet been sold to the West Germans themselves. Says the professor: "We won't stop trying."

Heroes or Traitors?

For a few hours on July 20, 1944, Nazi Germany's fate hung on a 32-year-old *Wehrmacht* major named Otto Ernst Remer. On that day, believing that their plot to kill Hitler had succeeded,* the mutineers occupied the War Ministry in Berlin and flashed the code word *Walküre* to all *Wehrmacht* units. On its receipt, commanders throughout Germany were to break open sealed orders directing them to arrest Nazi and SS officials and occupy their headquarters. Germany would at last throw off Nazism.

Much depended on the few hours before the anti-Hitler troops could get to Berlin. Nazi headquarters in Berlin had to be seized, and the Berlin *Gauleiter*, Propaganda Boss Goebbels, arrested. Orders to do this were given to the commander of the Guards Battalion, Major Remer.

Jawohl. Destiny perched on Remer's shoulders. Instead of arresting Goebbels, he went to see him, unsure what to do. Goebbels persuasively cooed that Hitler was still alive, reached for the phone, handed it to Remer. "Do you recognize my voice?" asked Adolf Hitler. "*Jawohl, mein Führer*," quavered Remer—and his mind was made up. Hitler empowered Remer to act in his behalf to crush the plot and supersede all officers. By evening, the Nazis again gripped Berlin.

Remer's hour of glory—which eventually won him a sensational advancement from major to major general—helped prolong the war ten months. In the blood bath of revenge that followed, 5,000 Germans were arrested, tortured and killed.

But Otto Ernst Remer felt no shame about his work. Two years ago he began going from town to town under the auspices of the neo-Nazi Socialist Reich Party, telling avid listeners the great saga of how he had served the Führer and confounded the traitors. He became a minor hero, and grew bolder and bolder until last May 3, in Brunswick, he shouted: "These conspirators of July 20 are to a great extent traitors to their country!"

This was too much. Last week, neat and spruce in a brown suit, Remer sat in the dock of the Brunswick court, accused of slandering the July 20 conspirators.

* The conspirators had planned to explode the bomb, hidden in a briefcase, in Hitler's concrete bunker in East Prussia, but that day the Führer moved his conferences to a wooden shack, and the explosion dissipated its strength through the flimsy walls. Four officers died from the blast, but Adolf Hitler, blown through the walls, emerged with only bruises and burns.



NEO-NAZI REMER
Back to old glories.

Wide World

The Witnesses. Actually, the real defendant was not Remer but the conspirators. The issue involved the very foundations of the democratic West German Republic. Who were the real traitors, the Nazis or the plotters? All Germany last week carefully followed the trial.

Intense, nervous Prosecutor Fritz Bauer, whose eye tic and lined face attested to years in Nazi concentration camps, summoned his witnesses. He called survivors of the plot; he summoned theologians who said that Christians were justified in ridding their nation of tyrants. Another witness quoted Hitler himself in *Mein Kampf*: "If through exercise of governmental power, a nation is led toward ruin, rebellion is not only a right but a duty."

Prosecutor Bauer, pressing yet another point, asked: Was the plot really a stab in the back? Historian Percy Ernst Schramm, wartime keeper of the Supreme Command's diary, testified: "The war was lost. Final catastrophe was certain. Only the date remained in doubt."

Then Bauer, rapping the table, poured out his summation: "The resistance fighters wanted only to save their country. The Third Reich was an illegal state, and every citizen had the right of self-defense against it. Hitler was the greatest of war criminals. There can be no treason against a war criminal."

Replied Remer: "I will not take one sentence back."

For three days the tribunal of three judges and two laymen deliberated, then brought in a verdict: "The Nazi state was not a state of justice but of injustice. The people of the July 20 plot were moved by patriotic instincts." For the first time, a German court had declared Hitler's Reich illegal.

Nazi Hero Otto Ernst Remer, arms crossed, face impassive, heard himself sentenced to three months' imprisonment for slander.



Walter Bennett

"FOREIGN MINISTER" HALLSTEIN
Toward a new reality.

SOUTH AFRICA

Loyal Renegades

Strange and painful things are happening to South Africa's armed forces. One by one, the officers who led South African forces in World War II have been booted out or shunted aside. Before he died, Good Soldier Jan Christian Smuts was relieved of his honorary post as commander in chief. Deputy Chief of Staff William Poole was sent packing on an unimportant military mission. But that was not all.

Inspired by his dislike of the British crown, demagogic Premier Daniel Malan has been reinstating officers who refused to fight in what the Nationalists called "the British war," and moving them into commands above the officers who had served their country. Malan's Defense Minister, a handsome, rabble-raising politician named François Christian Erasmus, combed the armed forces with "grievance commissions" to reward those who had ducked the war.

The *Skietcommando*. Erasmus concentrated mostly on his own private Nationalist army, called the *Skietcommando* and modeled after Hitler's SA and SS troops. He ordered the "Her Majesty" insignia stripped from the caps of all South African naval men, required all military textbooks to be translated into Afrikaans. Propelled, like all the Nationalists, by a fanatic mixture of hatred and fear of South Africa's browns and blacks, Erasmus even disbanded the effective native and half-caste units with which Smuts had built up the South African army.



British Official Photo: Crown Copyright Reserved
GENERAL BRINK

The best men were claimed by Torch.

In reaction, South Africans have rejoined in droves from the armed forces to join the ranks of Torch Commando, the anti-Malan political rally formed last year by a young South African air force ace, "Sailor" Malan, who is a distant cousin of the Premier Malan he fights. "Not a single self-respecting white man" would join Torch, a Nationalist minister once prophesied. Last week Torch claimed two of South Africa's most distinguished soldiers. One was General George Edwin Brink, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., *Croix de Guerre*. The other was General James Thom Durant, who was eased out this year as director general of the air force. General Brink, who commanded South Africa's 1st Division in North Africa, could not stomach what had happened to his country's armed forces. "Soldiers who were disloyal . . . get preference . . ." he declared last week. "We who have fought are now called renegades."

Spies & Counter Spies. Defense Minister Erasmus flippantly dismissed the attacks as "complaints of disappointed men," but privately he and Malan's Nationalist regime were worried. They issued edicts barring soldiers from joining Torch, and sent spies into barracks to root out secret Torch members, only to discover that many of the police spies themselves are clandestinely allied with Sailor Malan's movement. In addition to rolling up a membership of 200,000 South Africans who want a drastic—but democratic—change in government, Torch is enlisting the country's best and toughest soldiers.

In the Bag

South Africa's Jim Crow laws discriminate against the country's 300,000 East Indians as well as its 8,000,000 Negroes. India has found a simple way to retaliate. It simply clamped an embargo on all exports to South Africa, including jute bags, in which India has a near world monopoly. South Africa uses 15,000 tons of bags every year for packaging its crops. Negroes and poor whites use them as beds, blankets, carpets and doormats. Now old bags are being patched like tire tubes. A farmer who clothed his Negro laborers in jute, with holes cut for head, arms and legs, was fined not for underpaying and ill-treating his help, but for destroying bags. In desperation, the Malan government went to the black market.

The government has paid more than \$25 million this year to buy gunny sacks in Europe, then handed them out at a loss to South African farmers, who must return them for re-use. Last week came the unkindest blow of all. Shamefacedly Economic Affairs Minister Eric Louw told the South African Parliament that one European black-marketeer, working through a Swiss bank and with a forged Lloyd's certificate that his bags had been inspected and approved, loaded a million bags aboard a British freighter at Genoa. When the bales were unwrapped at Durban, they proved to be full of rags. The swindler, admitted Minister Louw, got away with \$700,000 of the government's money.

IRAN

Happy Now Rouz

Now Rouz, the Iranian New Year's Day, falls on March 21, the first day of spring—an arrangement seemingly designed for the maximum in joy and optimism. Last year Iran celebrated *Now Rouz* in high hopes of a rich and endlessly prosperous future, for on that New Year's Eve the Iranian Parliament, under the guidance of wily Premier Mohammed Mossadegh, voted to nationalize Iran's oil.

This week, as *Now Rouz* rolled around again, Iranians were in full control and possession of their oil but did not know how to refine it, and no tankers called at Abadan. A commission of experts from the World Bank, disheartened by Mossadegh's fanatic unreasonableness, prepared to leave Teheran, taking with it any hope of an immediate solution of bankrupt Iran's oil problem. With no money to spend, shoppers gazed longingly into the windows of Teheran's shops and glumly wished one another a happy *Now Rouz*.

INDIA

It's Only Money

Ever since 1936, when someone splashed water on him during a rowboat trip in Madras Harbor, His Exalted Highness Rustam-I-Dauran, Arastu-I-Zaman, Lieutenant General, Muzaffar-ul-Mulk Wal-

© On that day, says Persian mythology, the Sun God Mithras triumphed over winter darkness.



INTERNATIONAL
NIZAM OF HYDERABAD

The guests got lemon squash.

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Winner Take All

Three days after his lightning army coup (TIME, March 17), Strong Man Fulgencio Batista moved last week from his Camp Columbia headquarters to the presidential palace in downtown Havana. His white linen suit soaked with sweat, his voice hoarse with fatigue, the "Chief of the Revolution" sat at his old presidential desk for the first time in seven years, greeting job seekers, delegations of sugar planters, union leaders and the press. Tired as he was, he grinned a big victor's smile.

Double Talk. "I am a dictator, with the people," he explained. "My destiny is to carry out revolutions without bloodshed. The only blood that will be spilled will be that of those who oppose us. No one will be persecuted. We ask only cooperation." Batista charged again that deposed President Carlos Prio had planned to stage a coup of his own in April to make sure that his candidate, Carlos Hevia, would win the June presidential election over Batista and the Ortioco Party's Roberto Agramonte. Said Batista of the ex-President: "He was protecting gangsters. Anarchy and chaos were sweeping the nation."

The percentage of truth in the Strong Man's charges seemed to make little difference. Seven years of government by President Prio's *Auténtico* Party had clearly left the average citizen a little cynical about democracy. Few Cubans doubted that administration politicians had taken lavish liberties with the public purse. Last week, egged on by Batista's hastily reorganized propaganda department, the Havana press reported that men around Prio

made off with \$30 million from last year's \$300 million budget. Batista men also charged, without documenting the claims, that the President himself had acquired 16 estates and made himself \$40 million richer in his 33 years in office.

Double Defeat. The only citizens willing to take a stand against the Batista revolt were a small band of students who shut themselves up in the university, living off cookies from the canteen and shouting ineffectual defiance of Batista's coup. Police calmly ringed the area, allowing anyone to leave but none to enter; the demonstration soon petered out.

Prio himself learned the bitter facts on the morning of Batista's coup, when he fled Havana to organize resistance in eastern Cuba. Arriving by back roads at Matanzas, 100 miles east of Havana, he found Batista's captains and lieutenants already in command. On learning by telephone that garrisons further east were also in Batista's hands, he gave up and drove back to asylum in Mexico's Havana embassy. As he posed for photographers before taking off for exile in Mexico the next day, there were tears in his eyes.

In Mexico City, Prio & family put up at a second-class hotel. Batista's charge that the government planned a coup, he said, was a "lie." "In Cuba," he added, "no dictator has ever died in power, and the Cuban people will throw Batista out sooner or later." Denying the charges that he had enriched himself in office, Prio said that he had money enough to keep his family for a month or two, and after that "if necessary I can always sell my properties in Cuba. Everybody knows I have three estates—La Chata, La Altura and El Rocio. I think being poor is a sin." This week Prio flew on to Miami.



Double Usurpation. Back in Havana, Batista and his boys tasted the first fruits of victory. Soldiers' pay was doubled, police salaries were raised 50%. Three portly colonels, retired when Batista left the presidency in 1944, were observed at a tailor shop being fitted for new uniforms. A lieutenant (j.g.), promoted to captain, became chief of naval operations. To run the lottery, a traditional gravy bowl, Batista named the same henchman who handled the ladle eight years ago. And he put the customs service, source of most government revenue, under army control.

Two melancholy figures last week were Candidates Hevia and Agramonte, both of whom had been favored over Batista in the now-canceled June election. At his Havana mansion Hevia numbly muttered: "A hard blow to Cuban democracy." Agramonte, freed after a few hours in jail, pointed out bitterly that some straw votes had shown him winning. "Batista not only took the government away from Prio," he cried, "but he took it away from me—a double usurpation!" Unmoved, the Strong Man grinned his victory grin, talked vaguely of elections "as soon as possible," and waited for the U.S. to recognize him.

MEXICO

Pineapple Pioneer

Dressed in their holiday best, the people of Loma Bonita turned out last week to honor their "most beloved citizen." The man: Frank Peters, 81, a native of Mount Carmel, Ill. The occasion: the dedication of the Frank Peters elementary school.

Tropical Loma Bonita (pop. 6,000) in the state of Oaxaca is probably the only town in Mexico whose "most beloved citizen" is a *yanqui*. Peters did not actually found the place, but he did introduce pineapple-growing, which is now the basis



BATISTA ADDRESSING THE NATION
"I am a dictator, with the people."

European

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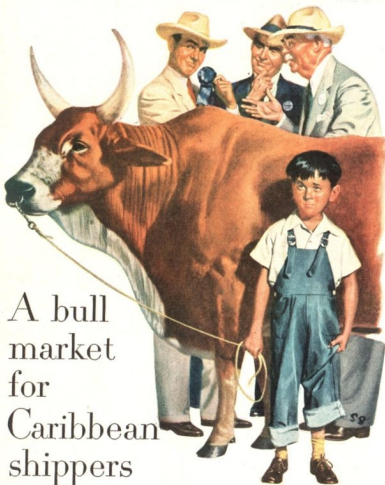
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A bull market for Caribbean shippers

From the windswept llanos of Venezuela, to the smallest island of the Caribbean, cattle raising is an important industry. Feedstuffs from the States are mighty important. Yet this is only one of the hundreds of commodities that have caused Caribbean shipments from the U. S. A. to increase fourfold in the past 10 years. This good-neighbor market places American products right at the top of its buying list. And exporters have found it easy to serve. The Caribbean is nearby. Alcoa's fleet of modern freighters sail on regular schedules from 10 North Atlantic and Gulf ports to 59 Caribbean ports. They assure the kind of service shippers can depend on. And Alcoa's more than 25 years of experience provide valuable Caribbean marketing help. As the first step in evaluating this market for your products, write on your company letterhead for a copy of our "Export Market Opportunities" book.

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THE CARIBBEAN

Doorway to Dollars

Sparked by the wealth of her vast oil resources, the flame of Venezuelan buying power has lately flared to major heights in the field of world trade. And for American exporters it burns particularly bright. There has been an eightfold expansion in the value of U. S. goods shipped to this important market over the past 10 years. Especially significant is the fact that today *Venezuela stands second among all nations in per capita dollar value of American exports.*

All told, our good neighbor crammed half a billion dollars' worth of American merchandise into her market basket last year—a whopping 75% of her total imports. And, with Venezuelan industry and living standards on a rapid rise, the best is yet to come.

Venezuela and her Caribbean neighbors are served by ships of the Alcoa fleet. For market and shipping information, manufacturers are urged to write the Alcoa Steamship Company, Inc.

Freighter Cruises

Nowhere, according to worldly-wise travelers, can the gentle art of loafing be practiced with such success as on a freighter cruise to the sunny Caribbean.

Especially is this true, if you sail under the do-as-you-please auspices of Alcoa—where informality rules the waves. Here, passengers (a maximum of 12 per sailing) wear what they will as they lounge on deck or pass pleasant hours in congenial association with their fellow travelers. And, all the while, their



Passengers look at the radar screen

ship plows a foaming furrow to strange, out-of-the-way ports of the Caribbean.

All staterooms on Alcoa's modern freighters are outside, comfortably furnished, and have private baths. Meals, enjoyed with the ship's officers, are simple, but bountiful and well-prepared to satisfy lusty sea-going appetites. Cruises average 3 to 4 weeks; cost \$400 to \$500. For details see your travel agent or write Alcoa for "Freighter Cruise Folder".



FRANK PETERS

For a beloved yanqui, a rare honor.

of the district's economy. When he arrived in 1906, Loma Bonita was a tiny village, and not a pineapple was to be seen for miles around.

A rover in his youth, Peters went to Mexico at 35 as the agent of an Illinois doctor who had bought land near Loma Bonita, sight unseen, and wanted it fenced, cleared and planted. When the doctor's son later arrived to take over, Peters bought a nearby 200-acre tract for himself. Finding that wheat and other northern crops did poorly in the region's hot, dry climate, he made a trip to Tezonapa, 75 miles away, and brought back pineapple plants of the Cayenne variety. They did well. Peters brought in more plants, and by 1910 he was harvesting 20,000 pineapples a year. Prospering, he bought more & more land until he owned 7,400 acres.

Peters had his downs as well as his ups. Revolutionary forces, considering any yanqui fair game, looted him freely. The depression of the 1930s hit him hard. In 1934, President Cárdenas' land-reform program expropriated most of his holdings. Said Peters, philosophically: "The people need the land more than I do." Today his income is \$58 a month—just about enough to live on. But if Peters has not continued to prosper, the pineapples have. Cuttings from Peters' original plants now produce 40,000 to 60,000 tons of pineapples a year, supplying four local canning factories.

A lifelong bachelor, Peters lived plainly even in his flush days, spending the greater part of his income for charity and local improvement. He still shares his modest income with the needy, and lets poor families live rent-free in houses he owns. Last week state officials and U.S. Ambassador William O'Dwyer came to praise him. Said Peters: "My only hope is that from this school will come a future governor or President."

ARGENTINA

Perón's Private Army

El Ciudadano (The Citizen) is published occasionally, without official sanction, by Argentina's opposition Radical Party. Last week *El Ciudadano* hit Buenos Aires newsstands with a story that sold 40,000 copies to goggle-eyed citizens before police confiscated the rest of the edition. Its gist: Perón has formed a private militia from the ranks of his General Confederation of Labor (C.G.T.), and is preparing to arm it to the teeth.

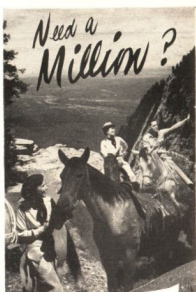
According to information that the Radicals have been gathering for months, Perón decided last year, about two months before top army officers vetoed his plan to make his wife Vice President, that he needed some sort of militia or storm-trooper organization. The President himself drew up a confidential "Workers' Defense Plan" to "defend the government in the event of military action against it." Five thousand *descamisados* of "absolute confidence" were enrolled, divided into "shock troop" detachments, "special mission" units and "reserves."

Strategic Zones. The plan, billed as "the best defense of the workers' interests against possible capitalist reaction," listed as "strategic zones" all rail and bus stations, ports, communications centers, power plants, food warehouses, waterworks, public markets, government offices, union headquarters, theaters and stadiums. Said its Article Four: "We do not mean to meet the enemy in open fight but to . . . neutralize him by attacking where he is weakest."

The new Peronista militia got its first important workout during last September's abortive military uprising. C.G.T. Boss José Espejo shouted the radio alarm. On cue, workers rushed to the presidential palace; in the suburbs drivers jammed their big diesel buses across roads by which troops or tanks might have moved on the capital. After the revolt was snuffed out, "special mission" groups of workers' militia swung briskly into action, rounding up and arresting suspects, running spot checks for illegal arms.

Lethal Toys. So successful was this first trial run that it was decided to improve the workers' equipment. *El Ciudadano* published texts of three "very confidential" letters, dated last December, in which the Argentine firm of Ballester Molina contracted to deliver, for \$580,000, a consignment of 5,000 automatic pistols and 2,000 carbines to the Eva Perón Social Aid Foundation. *El Ciudadano* somberly pointed out that such toys were obviously not for Señora Perón's famed Children's Village, nor for her junior soccer tournament.

Eight days later, before a crowd of 20,000 in Buenos Aires' Plaza Constitución, *El Ciudadano's* Editor Francisco H. Uzal repeated the story. "There can be no doubt that these guns are meant for the C.G.T.!" he shouted. As Uzal walked off the speaker's platform, two federal policemen met him and led him away through the crowd to jail.



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PEOPLE

Young Ideas

After a decade of giving her top billing in his movies, **Herbert ("Papa") Yates**, 72-year-old president of Republic Pictures, signed a new contract with his favorite cinemactress, **Vera Hruba Ralston**, 31, onetime Czech skater. He quietly escorted her to Burbank and bought a marriage license.

The **Duke of Edinburgh** enjoyed his first ride in a jet aircraft: a 72-minute, 500-m.p.h. test flight over southern England and the Channel. The plane: British Overseas Airways' new Comet airliner, designed to launch commercial jet travel this spring between Britain and South Africa.

With her old friend **Drucie Snyder Horton**, daughter of the Treasury Secretary, and an escort of six Secret Service guards, **Margaret Truman** arrived in Malibu, Calif. for a two-week beach holiday and some personal appearances. For the radio, she chose the operetta *Sari*, in which she played the daughter of a gypsy fiddler; for television, she started rehearsing as the friendly foil of Comic **Jimmy Durante**.

Some sons of well-known fathers were getting their names in the news:

Spring turnout for the varsity baseball team at Princeton included **Thomas E. Dewey Jr.**, 19 (pitcher), and the pollster's boy, **George H. Gallup Jr.**, 21 (catcher). In Manhattan, **James W. Symington**, 24, son of the retired RFC head and a law student at Columbia University, picked up a contract to sing in the Carnival Room of the Sherry-Netherland Hotel. Said Tenor Symington: "I'm paying my spring tuition with what I get here." **Nicholas Eden**, 20, son of Britain's Foreign Secretary, left Oxford and arrived



BILLY GRAHAM
After the blitz, seven converts.

in Ottawa to begin his new job as aide to Governor General Vincent Massey. He was, he said, "a summer sports man. I don't ski or skate, but I expect to enjoy my visit to Canada very much."

Past Masters

Eleanor Roosevelt received an honorary Litt.D. degree from the University of Delhi, and a compliment from former U.N. Representative **Sir Benegal Rau**. Said he: Indian visitors to the U.S. are impressed by two things. "First is Niagara Falls, and second is Mrs. Roosevelt."

Evangelist **Billy Graham**, 35, arrived in London to conduct his own special blitz against sin. An audience of over 7,000 filled Albert Hall to hear his sermon. The Graham theme: "I am absolutely convinced that we are living in an hour just before the judgment of God strikes." His score for the first evening: seven converts.

In Copenhagen, Denmark's **King Frederik**, who is proud of his muscular, tattooed torso and sailing skill, displayed his talent with the baton. At a private concert for family, friends and diplomats, he conducted the Royal Danish Symphony Orchestra through Mozart's *Symphony in G Minor* (No. 40) and Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*. Among those who listened and applauded: famed British Conductor **Sir Malcolm Sargent**.

In Princeton, N.J., **Albert Einstein** ignored his 73rd birthday. Said his secretary: "He doesn't care about his birthday at all. He won't even have a birthday cake."

Nurse **Sister Kenny**, who announced last year that she was suffering from Parkinson's disease and would spend the rest of her life in Australia, told Sydney reporters that she now feels well enough to plan a two-month trip to the U.S.

Hard Lines

In London, **J. B. Priestley** heard that an overenthusiastic admirer, after reading that Priestley "longed for the sun and soil of Arizona," was air-expressing him a shoe box full of the state's soil. Grumbled the novelist: "I would have preferred citrus fruit."

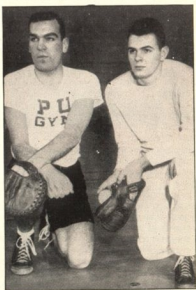
After an attack of sciatica cut short his U.S. concert tour, Britain's explosive **Sir Thomas Beecham** flew home to London where he was trundled through customs in a wheelchair. His plans? Said Lady Beecham to reporters: "He's going to do what I tell him for a change." Fumed Sir Thomas: "I've always done what she tells me. Marriage is one of the subtler forms of tyranny—imponderable but effective."

In Madrid, the **Duchess of Valencia**, shapely, 36-year-old monarchist critic of Franco, suggested that her country's diplomatic corps needs a woman's touch: "I would not be surprised if Stalin's trouble is the lack of feminine influence over him. I think a woman might be able to accomplish far more with him than the Western statesmen have been able to do. I wish I could be Spanish Ambassador in Moscow . . . If I were Spanish envoy in the United States, I would go fishing with President Truman . . ."

The Danish Foreign Office announced that it would officially protest the Hollywood story of **Hans Christian Andersen** starring jittery Comic **Danny Kaye**. The Copenhagen newspaper *Politiken* quickly added its support: "Reports from Hollywood indicate that the cobbler's son from Odense, Denmark, shall now be known to history as the singing and dancing hero from a \$4,000,000 Technicolor show. Is it really permitted to distort the life of great men in such reckless manner?" Danny's considered opinion: "I think the people of Denmark will like the picture. I don't do any scat singing."



DURANTE & TRUMAN
Before the foil, the fiddler.



GALLUP & DEWEY
Between them, a battery.

PERSONALITY

BEN HOGAN, the professional golfer, is a man of tremendous composure and no small talk. He has been known to go an entire 18 holes without once speaking to his caddy. A golfer playing with him just about has to hole out with a brassie from several hundred yards away before Hogan is moved to say, "Good shot." Other pros, the kind who get sick at their stomachs and take to Benzadrine during big tournaments, are not anxious to play in his threesome. His presence, silent and austere, makes them tense up and miss shots. The thing few people suspect is that Ben Hogan is twice as tense as any of them.

He is like a man plugged in on a busy switchboard. Lights keep blinking and flashing in Hogan's brain, carrying danger signals from his nerves and muscles. When the switchboard is really busy—as it will be on April 3 when Hogan plays in the Masters Tournament at Augusta, Ga.—he deliberately shifts himself into a state in which people blend into the landscape like so many trees or blades of grass. Opponents actually believe that he has learned how to control his heartbeat and regulate the flow of juices from his thyroid and adrenal glands.

It is this physical domination over himself—or his belief in it—that enables Hogan to do things on a golf course that baffle human understanding. At 39, he needs no warm-up tournaments to toughen his nerves and sharpen his game. He just shows up for the big ones, sets the machinery in motion—and wins. Then he drops out of sight again, leaving behind another "miracle" for the Hogan legend.

In the interims Hogan can be found playing the grass-roots circuit, making one-day stands in small towns against local hot-shots. Wherever he stops he draws a crowd. His poise on such occasions is perfect. He urges folks to edge in closer, and when everything has become intimate and relaxed he begins telling them how to play golf in one easy lesson. "There's not much to playing this game," he lies genially. After spilling out a few tips about grip and stance, he belts out a few balls. "See how easy it is?" he asks finally, and all the onlookers nod. Then, after playing an exhibition match against local pros, he takes a bow, signs some autographs and departs. His fee for the afternoon's work is a flat \$1,500.

THE ingredients that Hogan uses are not available to everybody. Some of them are hereditary, handed down from his Irish father, who plied his trade as a blacksmith in Dublin, Texas. Some of them come from his early environment. After his father died (when Ben was nine), he had to fight for everything—including his job as a caddy—and he got used to fighting. The mechanics of his golf came hard. Hogan had little natural talent for the game and was left-handed to boot; in overcoming these handicaps he built up patience and self-discipline.

When Hogan became the game's most successful player—topping all comers in prize money for five seasons—he still lacked some ingredients. He could not leave his work on the golf course, but let his passion for perfection rule his whole existence. His keen eyes noted such minute details as the fact that one knob on a hotel bureau drawer did not match the other. His finicky palate rebelled at restaurant food from Kalamazoo to California; unless a steak was cooked just so, back it would go to the kitchen. Only in his treatment of Valerie, his wife, did he show a gentle side.

The last and perhaps the most important ingredient in Hogan's stew was one the fates added. It happened when he was 36, on a lonely stretch of road in Texas, the night a Greyhound bus crashed head-on into his Cadillac. As he lay in Hotel Dieu hospital in El Paso, down to about 105 lbs., he had plenty of time to meditate—about the past, the present and the hereafter. When

Valerie talked with him during visiting hours, the subject of golf was never mentioned. Asked by a newspaperman if he would ever play again, Hogan answered vaguely, "I just don't know. I don't know what it's done to my nerves."

What had happened to his legs was worse. He had suffered two embolisms, and to prevent a third and perhaps fatal clot from reaching his lungs, the doctors permanently tied off the large veins in his legs. Whether he would be able to walk again depended on whether he could stand the excruciating pain when the smaller veins began to carry the extra load.

For the first time in his life, Ben Hogan's remarkable will power was beamed at something less tangible than hitting a golf ball. Back home in Fort Worth, bandaged from hip to ankle, he began the prescribed exercises. He insisted on removing and replacing the bandages himself because, after a little practice,

he felt he could do it better than the doctors. He embarked on his first few toddling steps, painstakingly worked up to a complete circuit of the living room. After several months, when he had managed 15 times around the room, Valerie would ask him jokingly, "How many laps today?" It was better to laugh about it, they decided, than hang out a wreath.

HIS accident was ten months old the day he announced casually that he was going over to the club to hit a few golf balls—and would Valerie like to go along? She watched while Ben swung and shanked one off to the right like a Sunday duffer. "Look, I've shanked," cried Hogan, and his wife exclaimed, "Well, you've learned something new." That night they celebrated with a steak dinner.

It was miracle enough that Hogan ever came back to tournament golf. But it was stranger still that he came back a more polished performer than before. He had his old game plus a new frame of mind. Winning tournaments did not seem so important any more, and were therefore easier to win. But it took guts to do

it on legs that ached while he was on the fairway and hurt even worse at night.

They had never ached so badly as one day in Philadelphia in June 1950. He stumbled into his hotel room and sank into a chair. That day he had gone 36 holes at Merion to tie for first place in the U.S. Open, and now his legs were swelling and tightening with cramps.

Hogan tried to sleep that night but it was no use. Since he is allergic to painkilling drugs, his only recourse was to draw a hot tub of water and sit in it. He drew one tub, sat in it a while, then drew another tub. He got no sleep that night. At the club next day he put elastic bandages on his legs and walked purposefully to the practice tee. He hit a couple of balls with each club in his bag. Then he went out and beat Lloyd Mangrum and George Fazio to become U.S. Open champion.

BEN HOGAN is not likely to worry about where his next meal is coming from for some time. A good businessman, he has money coming in from tournaments and exhibitions. Over & above that, he collects an annual levy from the Greyhound Bus Corp. (an estimated \$25,000 a year for ten years) as a result of his accident. He is getting paid by a sporting goods company for the use of his name on golf equipment, and money for endorsing Chesterfield cigarettes (which he chain-smokes on the golf course but seldom smokes off it). He owns a couple of oil wells, a one-sixth interest in the new \$2,000,000 ranch-type Western Hills Hotel near Fort Worth, and next winter he will run the posh new Tamarisk Country Club at Palm Springs, Calif., where he is building a home overlooking the third tee.

Other golfers find themselves dreaming of the day Hogan will find a nice green pasture for himself. It seems to be their only hope of getting a real shot at one of the big tournaments. Like a mulligan stew, Ben Hogan just seems to get better & better the longer he simmers.



Boris Chaliapin
BEN HOGAN

MUSIC

The Great Moulinié Hoax

The musty old basilica of St.-Denis, burial place of French kings, had seldom seen such polite excitement. As part of Paris' celebration of its 2,000th birthday last year, diplomats, dignitaries and celebrities turned out to hear a performance of old French music which was also being broadcast across Europe and to the U.S. Highlight: a recently discovered coronation mass billed as the work of 17th century Composer Etienne Moulinié.

The distinguished audience sat entranced as trumpets sounded from the heights of the basilica and Father Emile Martin's crack St.-Eustache choir gave full throat to the music. With the final rousing chorus of *Vivat Rex in Aeternum*, the critics were aglow with Gallic pride.

The Honor of France. Marcel Schneider of Paris' highbrow daily *Combat*, who had already heard the mass in Paris' church of St.-Roch, where Father Martin's choir first performed it, found it "even more beautiful and imposing . . . Perhaps the foreign visitors . . . were able to feel what the Kingdom of France once meant." The *Nouvelles Littéraires*' Jean Wenger found the mass "marked with the seal of the 17th century, so fertile in its greatness." All in all, France felt proud of a glorious relic of its past—until the bubble burst, two weeks later. The mass, Musicologist Felix Raugel harumphed to his astounded colleagues, was a fraud and a hoax.

Grey mustache abristle, Scholar Raugel hauled out his proofs. Composer Moulinié, he declared, had never written a mass, much less one for a French king. Moulinié was court composer to Gaston-Jean-Baptiste d'Orléans, Louis XIII's brother and enemy, and was *persona non grata* at

Louis' court. Moreover, trumpets were not used as musical instruments until the 18th century, and *Vivat Rex* was never sung at the end of a mass; it was shouted three times before the mass began. Raugel had suspected Father Martin's "discovery," but had not been stirred to investigate until the spectacle at St.-Denis. That, he said, "was too much. The whole world was listening. The honor of France was at stake."

The Same Initials. Last week, after a performance of the mass at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées which Paris' red-faced critics conspired to ignore, chubby, red-cheeked Father Martin, 37, chewed on a cigar and told his story.

Except for one 14th century theme, the mass was his own invention. He had composed it in his spare time, and, partly in playfulness and partly for fear he would never get it performed otherwise, had decided to give it at least a nominal touch of antiquity. He had come across a manuscript by Etienne Moulinié and liked the name—and after all, Moulinié's initials were the same as his own. After the first performance in the fall of 1950, the critics had jumped for joy, and he was stuck. Said he: "What could I do? I was a prisoner of success."

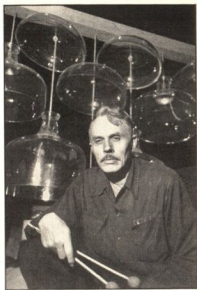
One critic lamented for all: "Our emotions, our patriotic feelings, our attachment to those who made France great, have been abused." Musicologist Raugel and friends consoled themselves with plans for a possible concert of genuine music by Moulinié. Did they expect to hear a masterpiece? "My God, no," said one critic, "[Moulinié's] music has no pretensions." But, he promised, "it is . . . loyal and sincere."

Goblin Music?

Harry Partch is a composer who has most of his critics completely flummoxed: Does he write goblin music, or is he an advance-guard genius? Now 50, California-born Composer Partch decided some 30 years ago that twelve tones to the octave were just not enough for his purposes. He constructed a mathematically more perfect scale of 43 tones; working mostly under University of Wisconsin and Guggenheim grants and fellowships, he also invented instruments capable of playing his 43-tone music. Partch pieces, such as *Barstow—Hitchhiker Inscriptions on a California Highway Railing*, left the pundits bewildered.

Last week Composer Partch brought out his latest 43-tone work. An audience of 700 braved a California storm to hear his *King Oedipus*, based on a William Butler Yeats translation of Sophocles' play. Explained Partch: "The tone of the spoken word and the tone of an instrument are intended to combine in a compact emotional and dramatic expression, each providing its singular ingredient."

In Mills College's Lissner Hall Auditorium, the audience gaped at the Partch instruments onstage. Among them: a "har-



Carl Mydans—LIFE

COMPOSER PARTCH A complex Oedipus.

monic canon," which looked like a Ouija board with 44 strings and movable bridges, and a "marimba eroica," with keys as large as ironing boards. From a gallows-like frame hung "cloud-chamber bowls"; Partch had salvaged them from the discards of the University of California radiation laboratory. He added an ordinary clarinet and saxophone (Partch has not yet learned how to adapt wind instruments to his scale), and a special cello and bass. An added dash of unconventionality: the student musicians (abetted by some professionals from Oakland) wore black robes and hoods.

When *Oedipus* got under way, however, most found it surprisingly easy to take. It was mostly what Hollywood calls "Mickey Mouse music," i.e., the tempo coinciding with movement and speech. The Partch orchestra produced cacophonous sounds sometimes reminiscent of a Hollywood sound track for a Chinese street scene, sometimes like a symphony orchestra tuning up, occasionally like a Hawaiian string trio, and once during the argument between the seer and Oedipus, the rat-a-tat-tat of one of the percussions over a loud-speaker sounded like mice in the attic. The best thing about Partch's music was that it seldom got in the way of the actors, who half-spoke, half-sang the lines. After four curtain calls for the actors, Composer Partch, in deep purple shirt and tweed jacket, came onstage to a roar of bravos.

Of three critics, one was a bit bewitched, one bothered and one bewildered. Wrote the *San Francisco Chronicle's* Alfred Frankenstein: "[Partch's] score—fragmentary, subdued, elusive—vastly enhanced the . . . ominous tension of the tragedy." The *Oakland Tribune* man found it all "rather horrendous, and Sophocles came out low man on the totem pole." Wrote the *San Francisco Call-Bulletin's* critic: "There is both solid merit and miscalculation . . . judge it for yourself."



Pat English

COMPOSER MARTIN A mass conspiracy.

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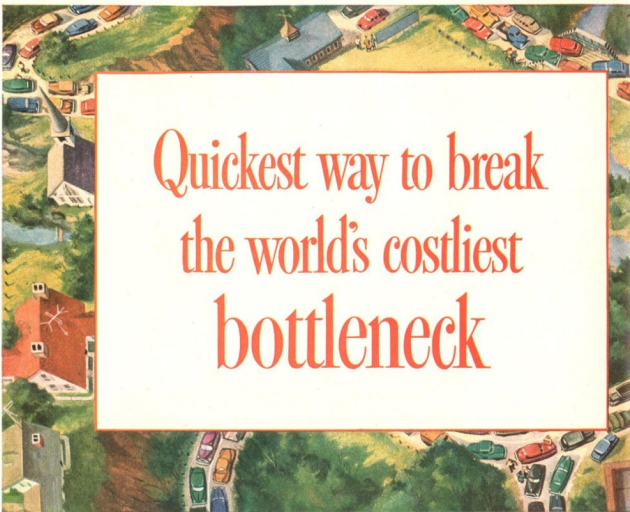


RADIO



PHONO



An aerial illustration of a highway bottleneck. The scene shows a road with several cars (red, blue, green, orange) stuck in traffic. To the left of the road is a large building with a red roof and a white chimney. To the right is a smaller building with a blue roof. The background is a mix of green grass and brown earth.

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HIGHWAY bottlenecks are costing American motorists today more than four billion dollars a year in excess operating expenses and lost time — to say nothing of a horrifying waste in lives. Government studies say so!

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But an even greater cause is the fact that 42% of this tremendous traffic

funnels through only 100,000 miles of major highways—*less than one-third of which are modern multilane expressways that permit safe, see-ahead passing in both directions.*

This is the biggest bottleneck. Restricting the speed and size of vehicles won't break or even ease it.

Here's the answer

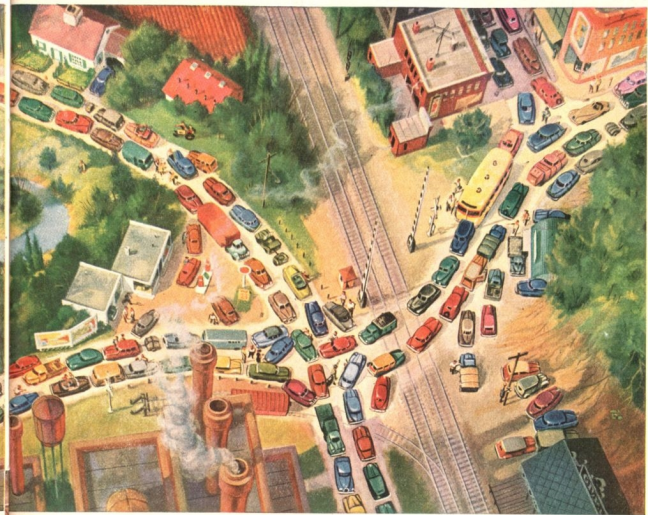
What's needed first, is a national program for building approximately 60,000 miles of super through ways on these heaviest traveled routes — the nation's strategic life line.

Sure, it will cost a lot of money. But it will cost all of us far more tomorrow if we don't do it today.

For motor transportation is the life-blood of America. The highways are its arteries. We must not let them harden.

Remember, most Americans get to work—most food comes to market—most freight travels—*by motor transport.* We can't keep this up if we don't keep up our roads!

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EDUCATION

Zigzag & Swirl

People in Des Moines have been wondering for years about the mysterious school that took over the old Des Moines University* campus in 1943. A silvery-haired, 82-year-old gentleman named Alfred William Lawson had bought the grounds and announced a new school: the Des Moines University of Lawonomy. From time to time, a few students of varying ages were seen through the high picket fence, but there seemed to be no faculty. Founder Lawson, a pioneer aviation man who claims that he built the first double-decker airliner and got the U.S. started on its aircraft industry, kept out of sight. As far as Des Moines could tell,



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"Damnedest thing I've ever heard..."

no one ever graduated with a degree in Lawonomy.

Des Moines newspapers got interested in the strange school and started asking questions. School officials were reluctant to talk, but Lawson's newspaper described the founder enthusiastically as the kind of teacher who comes along "about every 2,000 years." Reporters found that Lawonomy was sweepingly billed as "the study of everything," based on 47 principles set forth in the dozens of books of which Lawson is the author. All life, according to Lawonomy, operates according to the laws of "maneuverability, penetrability, and zigzag-and-swirl."

No Tuition. Lawsonites said it would take a student 30 years to earn the degree of "Knowlegian" in Lawonomy, but that 20 full-time students are working away at it. The school charges no tuition, they

said, and it pays no salaries to its teachers. Students (men only) are accepted only on a ten-year basis, and the curriculum consists largely of memorizing Lawson's books. No other reading is permitted; on one occasion, it was even forbidden to refer to a basketball rulebook.

Des Moines's 1950 records show \$12,000 paid in taxes on land held by the college. Lawson's books are peddled around town for as much as \$5 a copy and contributions seem to pour into the university's coffers. In Detroit a Ford worker said he had donated \$8,000 to the school; a postman said he gave close to \$5,000. Yet Founder Lawson insists that he is a poor man, frequently turns his pockets inside out at meetings, and lives in seclusion away from the school.

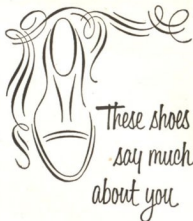
No Figures. Last week Lawonomy-Founder Lawson was called out of seclusion and summoned to Washington to appear before the Senate Small Business Committee. The Senators wanted to know why his university, claiming to be a tax-exempt institution, had paid \$4,480 for 62 war-surplus machine tools "for educational purposes" in 1947, and resold 45 of them for \$120,000. The committee also wanted to know if the University of Lawonomy is a bona fide college. If not, it had no legal right to the machines.

Alfred Lawson fixed the committee with a steady gaze and nimbly dodged a barrage of questions from Michigan's Senator Blair Moody. How much had the machines been sold for? "I don't know, I never go in for figures at all." Had Lawson made any profit on the deal? "Profit? Why no. What profit could I get out of it?" What courses were taught at the school? "Well, they teach Lawonomy." And that deals with mechanics? "[It teaches] the knowledge of life and everything pertaining thereto, and that takes in mechanics." Finally Lawson got exasperated. "God, boy," he cried at 50-year-old Senator Moody, "if you want me to tell you all these things, you will wreck my mind... I'm thinking great philosophical thoughts for the benefit of mankind."

The Senators kept at it for almost two hours but never managed to pin Lawson down. Finally they let him go with an order to come back later with his account books. Educator Lawson hopped out of his chair and headed for the door. "The damnedest thing I've ever heard of in all my life," he snorted. Said Senator Moody: "I don't know whether we're talking about the same thing, but I'm inclined to agree with you."

Goodbye, Shakespeare

The world's No. 1 rare book dealer and one of its most avid collectors is Philadelphia's Dr. Abraham S. W. Rosenbach. Last week Rosenbach announced that he had sold his famous collection of Shakespeares—73 prized folios and quartos of plays and sonnets, many of them first editions in excellent condition. The buyer: Europe's outstanding collector, Dr.



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Martin Bodmer, Swiss banker and vice president of the International Red Cross. The price: something over \$1,000,000.

No private collector in modern times has ever assembled a Shakespeare library* to compare with Dr. Rosenbach's. Beginning in 1907, when he bought his first First Folio for about \$18,000, "Rosy" Rosenbach has taken everything that came in sight. He bought all four folios of the collected plays published between 1623 and 1685. He paid close to \$75,000 for a splendid, mint-condition copy of the First Folio, and \$21,000 for a first edition (1600) of *Much Ado About Nothing*. His *Troilus*



F. Roy Kemp

COLLECTOR ROSENBACH
Love's labor lost.

and *Cressida*, dated 1609, is the only known uncut copy of any play published while Shakespeare was still alive. He picked up 68 of the 250 rare Shakespeare quartos known to be in existence, and one of the twelve first edition sonnets published in 1609.

Why did Collector Rosenbach sell his library to Europe instead of keeping it in the U.S.? Old (75) Dr. Rosenbach did not say. But John Fleming, his agent and vice president of his bookstore, blamed it on high taxes and the leveling off of great U.S. fortunes. Said Fleming: "Individuals here have lost the initiative to support our cultural institutions."

Too Big

Visiting Peking in the '20s, a wealthy Manhattan engineer named Guion M. Gest got relief from a painful eye disease, and picked up a hobby. For his ailment, Commander I. V. Gillis, U.S. naval attaché in Peking at the time, recommended an ancient Chinese eye medicine, con-

© The only non-private libraries that are as good: the British Museum, the Bodleian (Oxford), Trinity College (Cambridge), the Folger, Boston Public, Huntington (California), Harvard, Yale.

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cocted and sold by a Peking family. The medicine eased the engineer's pain, and he decided forthwith to begin collecting a library of Chinese medical books. In due time, Engineer Gest went back to the U.S., but before he left he commissioned Navyman Gillis to act as his agent and expanded his library idea to include all Chinese culture.

Last week at Princeton University's Firestone Library, visitors were examining a volume of Buddhist scriptures printed by the monks of a Chinese monastery in 1234, two centuries before Johann Gutenberg closed his press on the first Gutenberg Bible. The rare book was part of Princeton's first public display of the Gest Oriental Library, a fabulous collection of more than 130,000 Chinese books and manuscripts spanning eleven centuries.

Agent Gillis was no expert at first, but he became one by talking to book dealers and poring through Peking's Metropolitan Library. He managed to find one of the three existing complete sets (5,000 volumes) of the 1728 Chinese Encyclopedia. He also sent home a priceless rubbing from the stone text of a Confucian doctrine dated 745 A.D., with a commentary by the Emperor Hsüan-Tsung; a Tibetan book written in pure gold; a 600 A.D. scroll found in the caves of northwest China with the original hemp wrapper signed by the woman who wove it. Gest impoverished himself supplying funds for Gillis, who had resigned his commission to devote full time to the collection. Gillis collected a library of Bibles written in 25 dialects, 20,000 books from the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644), 500 volumes on Chinese medicine—the largest Oriental collection in the Western world. By the time the Japanese invasion of China put an end to Gillis' work, the Gest collection could boast a sampling of almost every type of Chinese literature.

Gest sold his collection in 1937 to the Institute for Advanced Study, but he and Gillis kept an advisory interest in it until both died in 1948. Their library is now under the supervision of Chinese Scholar Hu Shih, onetime Chinese Ambassador to the U.S. and dean of National Peking University, who shows research scholars how to use its treasures. Dr. Hu will not guess at the library's monetary or cultural value. When asked, he simply says: "Too big. Too big."

Report Card

☞ Taking the day off from classes, the boys and girls at Denver's East High School consulted with experts in 119 different fields and picked the jobs they thought they would like best. The girls' choices: model, airline stewardess, secretary, homemaker. The boys' choices: FBI, Secret Service or ordinary cop, cattle raising, medicine.

☞ Donation of the week: an unspecified sum given to Columbia by the Atran Foundation (established in 1950 by Chain-Store Magnate Frank Z. Atran), to set up and support for 30 years the first regular U.S. professorship in Yiddish language, literature and culture.



TIPS ON TRAVEL

by HORACE SUTTON

*World Traveler and Travel Columnist
Author of "Footloose in France"*

**Can't wait for summer? Don't move into the Greenhouse.
Catch the next Liner bound for the sunny Mediterranean!**



The quickest way to summer without waiting out the calendar or locking yourself in a greenhouse is to hop an ocean liner that plies from New York to the Mediterranean. The Sun-Line route to Europe is insulated from care, cold and a cackling telephone. Weather observers insist that on 87 per cent of the days nary a drop of rain should splatter on the decks of a Mediterranean Sun-Liner. This phenomenon derives from no special arrangement between Mother Nature and any steamship lines. It is simply based on the average of dusty weather reports kept for 100 years.

Sun-Porch of Europe



Here's the current state of things on the Sun-Porch of Europe. Near Genoa on the Italian Riviera, India figs bloom on the cactus, bougainvillea trees spill over the villa walls and planes, loaded with thousands of carnations grown on the stepped Italian hills, take off for Scandinavia to spread the sun-shine to the northlands.

In Venice, gondoliers are oiling up their boats and their larynxes and in Rome the Romans sit again on the railings around the Trevi Fountain. The tables have sprouted on the tiny square at Capri and the local citizens have already settled in their chairs for the season.

Across the Mediterranean Sea at Grasse, twelve miles from Cannes on the French Riviera, the flower-pickers from the perfume factories are up at dawn to pick the jasmine before the sun's heat sends the fragrance into the air. Over in neighboring Spain, next year's olives stud the trees and the sun wheedles a silver shimmer out of the pastel olive leaves.

Hub of Continent



When you slip into Europe from the sunny, southern side, the whole Continent lies before you like Paris from the Eiffel Tower. Lands that were blobs in a geography book a few weeks

ago are minutes away from ports where you land and few places are more than mere hours away. At the ticket counter (only a short row of palms from the dock at Cannes) just say the magic word—Paris? London? Geneva? Berlin? Frankfurt? Vienna? Montepulciano?

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If you're in a hurry to feel summer on your skin, then come on board. Get next to a dish of Pesce Spada con Burro d'Acciughe or a blushing tenderloin—you'll find both on the menu. Lie out around the apron of the swimming pool. Celebrate with four-buck-a-bottle French champagne—cheaper than Paris.

See Your Travel Agent

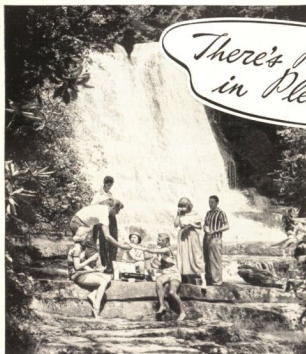
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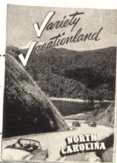
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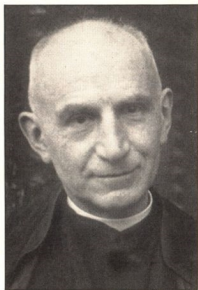
100 PAGES
200 PICTURES

RELIGION

Spain: Medieval v. Modern

When a high-ranking Roman Catholic prelate takes a scornful swipe at religious tolerance and storms at "benevolence towards Protestantism," as Spain's Cardinal Segura did last week (TIME, March 17), many U.S. temperatures go sailing. For whom or what does Cardinal Segura speak?

The answer is that Cardinal Segura speaks for the oldest tradition of the Spanish church—one that has come down the years with stubborn strength since the power of the Moors was broken in the 13th century. But today many a Spaniard believes that Cardinal Segura is obsolete. Segura insists 1) that the people are incapable of self-guidance, and 2) that they need to be saved from themselves by a



Religious News Service

BISHOP HERRERA

To guide but not to goad.

church-directed state which applies the rules of religion with an iron glove. In the past, Cardinal Segura clashed with King Alfonso XIII because he thought him far too mild and liberal a monarch. Nowadays, he belabors Dictator Franco for Art. 6 of the new Spanish charter, which offers the paper assurance, at least, that non-Catholics may not be "molested" because of their religion.

As Archbishop of Seville, the 71-year-old cardinal bears down hard on heresy and what he regards as licentious customs. He has managed to suppress Seville's traditional church dancing at Christmas, ban movies accepted in the rest of Spain, and separate men & women at all religious gatherings. Says one critic of Segura: "A saint, had he been born in the 15th century, a bore in the 20th."

Newspaperman to Bishop. The U.S. hears less of a more potent group of Spanish churchmen, whose chief spokesman is a more modern man, Don Angel



ENDURING MEMORIAL TO HEROISM

*Chapel of St. Cornelius the Centurion, Valley Forge Military Academy, Wayne, Pa.
Superintendent: Major General Milton G. Baker. Architect: Harold G. Wilson, Ardmore, Pa.*

This is the beautiful new Chapel of St. Cornelius the Centurion, Valley Forge Military Academy, Wayne, Pa., recently dedicated by General of the Army George Catlett Marshall. It honors the memory of 74 Valley Forge men who died in military service.

Colonial in spirit, the chapel was designed by Architect Harold G. Wilson of the Valley Forge Class of '36. Choir, altar, pulpit, lectern, and pews to seat 1,000 were designed,

produced, and installed by American Seating Company; working in close co-operation with the architect.

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Herrera, 65, Bishop of Málaga. Bishop Herrera, onetime Madrid newspaperman who was ordained at 53, consecrated bishop at 60, believes, like Cardinal Segura, that Spain should be submissive to the church. But he insists that the proper role of the church is to guide, not goad, the Spanish people. Spain's pressing problems, Bishop Herrera holds, are the poverty of her people and the general backwardness of a clergy which, in the main, knows little and cares less about modern social and political problems. Three years ago, Herrera, with the blessing of the Vatican, started a social school for priests in Málaga. One of the studies: a course on Communism. To critics, Herrera answered: "We must know our enemies if we want to conquer them."

Among Herrera's opponents is Francisco Franco, whose regime he peppers with charges of social injustice and corruption. Herrera would like to see Franco succeeded by a constitutional monarch. Last year, when Herrera transferred his school to Madrid, Franco's friend, the Archbishop of Madrid, asked the Pope to have the bishop's activities confined to Málaga. The Vatican backed Herrera.

Bishop to Power? Today, 80 priests are enrolled at Herrera's school, and many more, particularly of the post-revolution clergy, are gripped by his grand aim to swamp evil "with a flood of good." Few of them can match the bishop's activity. A year ago, he was in Mexico contacting Spanish refugees. Later, in Portugal, he conferred with the pretender to the Spanish throne, Don Juan, and the exiled one-time leader of Spain's Catholic party, Gil Robles. Last month he was off to Rome, where the Pope received him twice. This week he was back in Madrid, busy as ever, holding conferences, discussing labor problems and teaching at his school. Church opinion holds that at the next Vatican consistory he is almost certain to receive the red hat of a cardinal. Beyond that, should the monarchy be restored and the Catholic party play a role similar to that of the Demo-Christians in Italy, Herrera might well wind up the most influential man in Spain.

If Bishop Herrera and those who think like him should inherit the Spain of tomorrow, Protestants could hardly expect much more elbow room than they have now. But there would be room for one modern idea, which to medieval minds is always heresy: change.

Literal & Simple

"Every week," wrote Evangelist Jim Nichols of Abilene, Texas, "the Lutherans, Baptists, Methodists, Catholics, Christian Reformists, Seventh-Day Adventists, Christian Church and scores of independent preachers spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in preaching false doctrines from coast to coast over the air." Strapping young (24) Evangelist Nichols of the fervent and fast-growing Churches of Christ (10,000 congregations, 1,000,000 members) called on his denomination to put its own message on the air.

Since last month, Evangelist Nichols



Lessen cold discomforts
Make your misery brief
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has had what he wanted: a 145-station hookup of the American Broadcasting Co. Nichols himself, speaking with a strong Texas drawl, leads the preaching in a new Sunday radio series, called *Herald of Truth*.

The network program, which will cost the Churches of Christ congregations \$285,000 this year, is the first big project they have ever undertaken jointly. The denomination is resolutely unorganized, and frowns on any sort of central church administration. Its members broke away from the Disciples of Christ after the Civil War, in protest against the use of a set creed, organ music in church, and organized missionary societies.

Lack of central direction has not kept the Churches of Christ from growing impressively; membership, heaviest in the South and Southwest, has doubled in 25 years. Their basic doctrine is a literalistic belief in the New Testament. Central



EVANGELIST NICHOLS
He got the air.

tenets are baptism by immersion and communion every Sunday. Says an Abilene colleague of Nichols: "Our growth is phenomenal because our plea is simple."

Preacher Nichols grew up as fast as his church did. He wrote his first sermon when he was twelve; it was read by a clergyman friend over a Salt Lake City radio station. At 15, he began preaching himself, and kept it up through his four years at Abilene Christian College (one of ten colleges maintained by the Churches of Christ). In 1947, he talked 15 Iowa congregations into sponsoring a radio program, then expanded it to include eight stations in five states.

Using his Iowa broadcasts as an example, Nichols convinced other congregations that a joint national radio program would bring in converts without whittling away any congregation's local autonomy. Explains Nichols: "The primary interest of the Churches of Christ is converting people." Aim by 1962: 1,000 new congregations.

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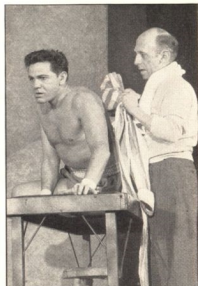
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THE THEATER

Old Play in Manhattan

Golden Boy (by Clifford Odets), though perhaps the most popular of Odets' plays, scarcely ranks among the best. Its theme—the demoralizing values that go with quick, flashy American success—is as vital today as it was during the '30s. But Odets' treatment, though often dramatic, was always prefabricated, and at times now it seems both dated and flat. The brutalization through big-shotism and the defeat through victory of Joe Bonaparte, who becomes a prizefighter and breaks his violin-playing hands, is given a copybook patness. Joe's violent racing-car death merely adds a crude exclamation point. John Garfield's Joe, moreover, never for a moment suggests a guy with music in his



Fred Fehl

GARFIELD & TRAINER*

A mouth organ beats the trumpet.

heart, let alone in his fingers. As staged by Odets, the production, which co-stars Lee J. (*Death of a Salesman*) Cobb, does not quite come together as a whole.

In terms of virtues and faults, *Golden Boy* is like something in a child's drawing book, where the picture is already printed and only the coloring is the child's own. Down here, up here, in that corner, with this detail, Odets' coloring has fine individuality. It is not his key figures but his semi-grotesques, not Joe but some of Joe's trainers and relatives, who seem most alive. It is not where Odets tries to be poetic but where, in hurried scribbles and scrawls, he forgets to try, that he brings a kind of impassioned feeling to life itself. His violin music is mostly pretentious, his trumpet notes today seem shrill; where he seems uniquely vivid and vibrant is on a mouth organ he pulls out of his pocket.

* William Hansen.



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But, mister, you'll have to wear Arrow Bi-Way to discover that here is the kind of comfortable shirt you've always dreamed of! This happy discovery will be due, almost entirely, to Arrow's new Arafold Collar!

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You see, there's *no seam* on the inside of the smooth Arafold Collar. Yet—with all this glorious new freedom

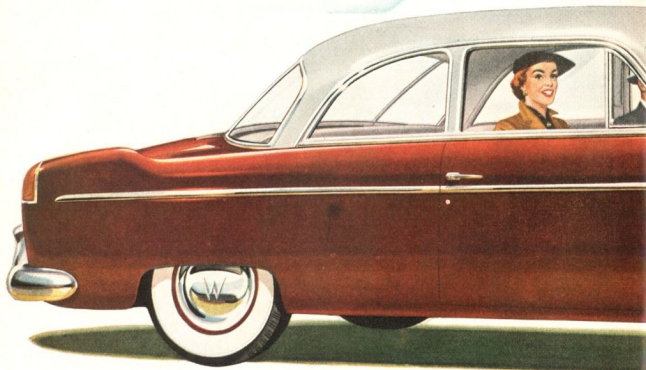
and comfort—you'll agree that Bi-Way is the smartest-looking shirt you've ever worn! (Available in FIVE collar styles!) So...

Speed to your Arrow dealer's *now*! Price, about \$4.50 and up, subject to change by government regulation. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW

Bi-way

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**"Air-borne" riding comfort
for six adults . . . 61"-wide seating
front and rear**

The soft, road-smoothing ride of the *Aero* Willys makes you feel *air-borne*! Both seats are cradled between the axles. Bumps and road roughness are soaked up by rubber-cushioned front coil springs, rear springs floated on rubber pillows and aero-type shock absorbers.



**Aero-design and the new 90 h.p.
Hurricane 6 Engine give remarkable
economy and "take-off" acceleration**

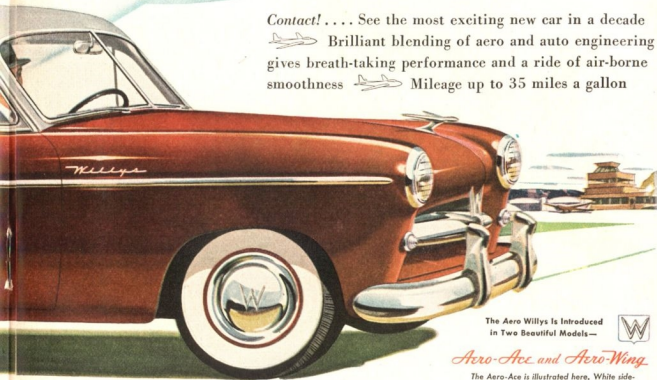
The *Aero* Willys is built on airliner principles—with body and chassis members welded into one strong, rigid unit—streamlined to cut air drag. The new 7.6-compression Hurricane 6-cylinder engine uses regular gas, turns up 90 horsepower. With high power-to-weight ratio, you get lightning pick-up and up to 35 miles per gallon, with overdrive.

**Panoramic visibility and low
23" center of gravity for greater safety.
Driver sees all four fenders**

You get helicopter-pilot visibility in the *Aero* Willys . . . see all four fenders from the driver's seat . . . a panoramic view all around . . . and the plane-wing hood shows the road right ahead. This low-slung beauty takes curves without roll or sway . . . steady and sure.



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The Aero-Ace is illustrated here. White side-wall tires optional at extra cost when available.

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What's new about it? Everything!

The new *aero-frame construction*, combining aero-design principles with Willys' four decades of auto engineering experience. Its welded, single-unit structure is exceptionally rigid, quiet and long-lasting. The *Aero Willys* is functionally streamlined from its distinctive hood—shaped like the leading edge of a plane wing—to its rear air-fins.

Its new *F-head power plant*—the high-compression *Hurricane 6*, producing more power for its size than any six in America! In the *Aero Willys*, you loaf along at 60 and cruise comfortably at 75, with power in reserve. And you top every other full-size car on mileage—with overdrive, up to 35 miles per gallon.

Its "air-borne" ride—remarkable smoothness and quietness, brought about by new springing and a drive system floated on rubber pillows from engine to rear axle. And wait till you feel its ease of handling as you pilot the *Aero Willys* in heavy traffic or park in a small space.

As for beauty, that's obvious—a wide body with graceful lines, a silhouette just 5 feet high. Beautiful in its roomy interior, too—rich fabrics and appointments in keeping with a fine-quality car.

There's much else—the gasoline cap near the center at the rear . . . warn lights for oil and generator . . . pull-out glove drawer . . . scores of other features!

You'll want to see the *Aero Willys* now. It is the car with performance, comfort and economy that you have awaited for a decade.

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GRANDMA had nothing on her granddaughters when it comes to homecraft. All over the country the hooks are flying as never before . . . fashioning beautiful things to use and wear.

Why this comeback for the traditional domestic arts? Economy and the creative satisfaction of "doing it yourself" enter into it. But a good share of the credit must go to the superb new yarns now available—and chief among them is rayon.

Wonderfully smooth, sturdy yarns spun from this man-made fiber are easy to make up into fabulous afghans,

hooked rugs, stoles and other articles of clothing. Their jewel-like depth of colors . . . their look and feel of luxury are brightening many a home . . . dressing up many a wardrobe.

Crochet and rug yarns are only one of rayon's contributions to the hook and needle brigade. Smart rayon dress goods, trimmings, slip-cover and drapery fabrics are playing their part . . . helping make homecraft the American woman's number one hobby!

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W O R L D ' S L A R G E S T P R O D U C E R O F R A Y O N

Fried Crow, à la Mode

"There is only one question," wrote Columnists Joseph & Stewart Alsop after President Truman's surprise victory in 1948, "on which professional politicians, polltakers, political reporters and other wisecracks and prognosticators can any longer speak with much authority. That is how they want their crow cooked."

With the stringy taste of 1948's crow still in their mouths, the brothers Alsop and many another pundit had determined not to eat it again over last week's New Hampshire primaries. Out-of-state correspondents had swarmed all over New Hampshire in an unprecedented invasion, finding out how the ordinary voters felt—one great omission in 1948. By Election



STEWART ALSOP
First at the steam table.

Day, many correspondents felt that they had measured the pulse pretty well, and they began to slide toward the steam table where the crow was kept warm.

Outside Chance. The New York Daily News's Columnist John O'Donnell, a Taft-man, looked down his nose at Eisenhower's campaign, quoted an unidentified Ike informant: "This New Hampshire play for Eisenhower has turned out sour and that we'll admit." James ("Scotty") Reston of the New York ("We Like Ike") Times was impressed by Taft's "aggressive campaign." He found it more effective than the politicking in behalf of the absent Eisenhower. Wrote Reston: "... What does Taft have that Ike doesn't have? The answer seems to be: 'Nothing—but he has it in New Hampshire.'" As for Truman, Reston reported that the "best opinion," which he did not identify, was that the President would win. The Fair-Dealing New York Post's William V. Shannon agreed: Kefauver "has only a

slim chance of getting even one of the eight [convention votes]."

Inside Dope. Stewart Alsop moved ahead of all the rest, and openly bid for the covered dish on the table. He had talked to National Committeeman Emmet Kelley, a Truman big wheel in New Hampshire, who predicted "a Truman landslide." Alsop predicted one, too, gave Kefauver an "outside chance" of "capturing just one delegate." One reason for that, Alsop said, was that Kefauver had "incautiously" transgressed "one of the great, built-in rules of American politics... that you simply do not challenge an incumbent President in your own party."

After voters rewrote Alsop's rules, and soundly thrashed Harry Truman, red-faced Stewart and brother Joseph joined in their column to give an explanation of sorts: brother Stu had been misled by none other than Kefauver himself. In a not-for-attribution interview, Kefauver had told Alsop that he did not have a chance. "Kefauver," reported the brothers solemnly, "certainly seemed quite honestly convinced that he had no real chance... Everybody was wrong—as usual."

The Handy Club

Even though it is patently absurd to try to legislate freedom of press in a world that, at best, is half slave and half free, the United Nations has been trying to do just that for four years. Twice, U.N. press committees have come a cropper; their proposals would shackle the press rather than free it (TIME, March 10). Last week a third U.N. subcommittee passed still another bootless plan.

This time it was an "international code of ethics" for the press, drafted by a group of newsmen from all over the world—including the Russians. Sample provisions: "[Newsmen] should check all items of information... Rumor and unconfirmed news should be identified... the reputation of individuals should be respected... and comment on their private lives likely to harm their reputation should not be published unless it serves the public interest... Only such tasks as are compatible with the integrity and dignity of the profession should be... accepted by personnel of the press..."

Minneapolis Tribune Editorial Writer Carroll Binder, U.S. member of the subcommittee who has fought similar U.N. proposals, re-sounded the silly note in the new one. Said he: a newsmen who ordinarily covers the White House could refuse to report on a three-alarm fire because it was "not dignified" for him to do so. Binder also argued that the whole attempt to write a code was "futile," since few of the countries involved could agree on what press freedom means or even what the "public interest" is. Nevertheless, the code was halfheartedly voted. Binder and the British representative refused to approve it, along with the Soviet Union, which wants a tighter code defining the "main task" of the press as coun-

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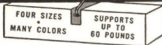
Sealing your package at the factory with a CARRY-PACK handle is a low cost way to build sales. The friendly, convenient CARRY-PACK handle invites the shopper to pick up your product and carry it home. It distinguishes your package, wins dealer cooperation, makes sales programs more effective, increases sales and profits. The simple CARRY-PACK sealing handle interlaced with strong ribbon, comes in a variety of attractive colors. Four sizes. Safely seals boxes up to 8 inches wide. Supports up to 60 pounds. Applied in six seconds at far less cost than any comparable seal or handle.



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Please send me complete information about Carry-Pack Handles to seal packages.

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Military academy uniforms are usually gray. But was it always so? What about West Point? Tom Hall raised the question when he was painting the young cadet for the Hart Schaffner & Marx ad (in current issue of Saturday Evening Post). It took time to get the answer but it may interest you. It may even win you a pot of gold on a radio quiz program. The U. S. Military Academy at West Point was founded in 1802 and the uniform was a long-tailed blue coat with gray trousers—pardon, pantaloons. The white belts were first introduced in 1804 and the gray coat in 1816, in honor of Winfield Scott's victorious regulars of the War of 1812.

So West Pointers have worn gray for 136 years. Gray was flattering to men in 1816. It is today. In fact, you can't imagine a man's wardrobe *without* a gray suit any more than you can imagine a Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer without a wide selection of grays. Worsteds. Flannels. Gaberdines. Tweeds. Your problem won't be "Should I?" but rather "Which one?"

teracting war propaganda and Fascist ideas. Next big step: a world conference of journalists to approve the code. If it is approved, it will still be only a "recommendation" for journalists, not a law. But any nation that wants to bat down newsmen will find the code a handy club.

Report on Oatis?

The Prague Communist radio announced last week that A.P. Correspondent Bill Oatis, imprisoned last July on a trumped-up spy charge (TIME, July 16), was in court again last week. This time, said the Reds, he testified against twelve spies connected with "the American espionage group in the Associated Press office." While he was testifying, the Reds claimed, Oatis again confessed that he himself had been a spy when he was A.P. bureau chief in Prague. As expected, all twelve were convicted; one was sentenced to death, another to life imprisonment and the rest got long prison terms. In their latest attempt to justify Oatis' imprisonment, the Reds played it safe. Not a single Western newsmen or diplomat was allowed into the courtroom, and no one, other than the Communists, knew whether Oatis was even there, much less what he said.

Dear Dorothy Dix

"The best approach to a problem," says Muriel Agnelli, a matronly, grey-haired lady in her late 40s, "is lots of common sense, a little less cynicism and a little more faith. Where children are concerned, we need a little more discipline and a little less indulgence." Mrs. Agnelli had better be right. On that homey recipe she has become a No. 1 newspaper counselor, and mother confessor to millions of U.S. newspaper readers. Last week Bell Syndicate let out a well-kept secret: Mrs. Agnelli is the new "Dorothy Dix." She is also the wife of the syndicate's general manager, Joseph Agnelli. She has been writing the column for more than a year, helping out ailing Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer, the original Dorothy Dix. When Mrs. Gilmer died last December at 90, Muriel Agnelli took over title to the column in fee simple.

In about 160 papers she is still Dorothy Dix, but in 20 others the column now appears under her maiden name, Muriel Nissen. The old-school, no-nonsense advice is the same mixture as before. Recently, "A.L." wrote: "My husband and I are both in our fifties . . . get along very well except that he doesn't like the radio. When he comes home from work he has dinner, then settles down to read for the evening . . . never takes me any place, we have no company and I am really very lonely." Columnist Agnelli's advice: "Be thankful for a happy, contented and settled husband, and don't yearn for the moon."

20 Hours a Day. In private, Mrs. Agnelli herself has solved a problem that often plagues her readers: how to keep a home and a job at the same time. She does it by working as long as 20 hours a day. Born in Manhattan, she went to Hunter College and studied journalism and psy-

MEMORIES OF YESTER DAY....

IN Alaska

Bulbous spires of a Russian church mark the high tide of influence of Catherine the Great's colonizers in Alaska. After them came trappers, gold-seekers, pioneers—leaving trails of history for you to follow—when you visit Alaska. With the sun shining 'round the clock in summer—your days will be full . . . grander scenery—great fishing and hunting—a vision of tomorrow in bustling Alaskan cities. Come North this summer. Ask your travel agent—or write for free illustrated folder.



ALASKA VISITORS ASSOCIATION

Dept. A-3, JUNEAU, ALASKA

chology at Columbia. After marrying in 1929, she got a job editing Bell Syndicate's four-page tabloid for children called the "Sunshine Club." Later, she helped write an advice feature and did a turn as stamp columnist before becoming Dorothy Dix.

Now a Long Island housewife with three sons (21, 19, 14), she does all her own cooking, still finds time for outside activities, such as being president of the Rosary Society of St. Catherine of Siena Catholic Church of St. Albans. She gets up in the morning at 6:15, fixes breakfast, then tackles her pile of mail (800 letters a week). Four days a week she reads letters, dictates answers to two high-school girl helpers and sends pamphlets to advice seekers.

She spends two more days writing her columns in batches of six. Most of her editing is cutting, since "people don't seem to write briefly about their troubles," She



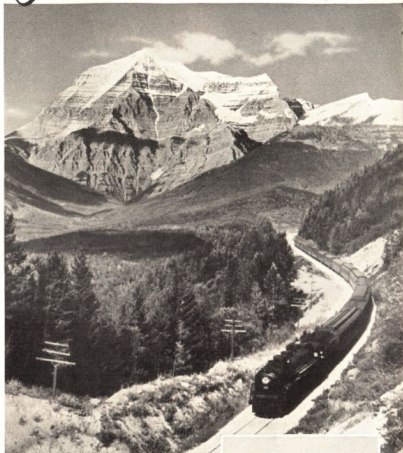
Ed Carswell—Graphic House
COLUMNIST NISSEN
"Are you sure it's love?"

leaves housework to a maid, but by late afternoon, she starts cooking dinner. Her husband never makes suggestions for the column, "is happy as long as the house and family come first."

Catch a Beau. A good third of her mail comes from teen-age girls, many asking how to catch a beau. ("The three great boy-catching qualities a girl can possess are: Femininity, Amiability, and Enthusiasm.") For those who want more elaborate answers she has a shelf full of pamphlets ("Mothers-in-Law," "Philandering," "Are You Sure It's Love?," etc.). To those who want her to broaden her interests and run a matrimonial bureau on the side she gives a sympathetic but firm no, has never been able to figure out why "my most intelligent mail seems to come from Philadelphia."

For first-hand advice she often goes to her sons. She is seldom asked for any in return. "But they get it anyway. They can't escape."

TRAVEL CANADA'S SCENIC ROUTE TO EITHER COAST



ONE OF CANADA'S 10 TOP MAPLE LEAF VACATIONS

Just think, when you travel Canadian National across Canada: you can sightsee in "foreign" cities—stop over at Minaki, and Jasper Park Lodge—see towering Mount Robson (above), monarch of the Canadian Rockies—visit the exciting West Coast! And you ride in comfort all the way on Canadian National's "Continental Limited". Discuss it now with your nearest Canadian National Office* or Travel Agent. They are eager to help with information, literature, suggestions. "We'll tell you where and take you there."



SERVING ALL 10 PROVINCES OF CANADA

Choose from this rich variety. Here are Canada's 10 Top Maple Leaf Vacations

1. **Across Canada**—the Scenic Route to California or the Pacific Northwest, to New York or anywhere East.
2. **Alaska Cruise**—ten days, 2,600 miles of sheltered coastal sailing.
3. **British Columbia**—Vancouver, Victoria, Prince Rupert. A magnificent marine and mountain playground.
4. **Eastern Cities and Laurentians**—

history-book places, mountain lakes, brilliant autumn colours.

5. **Hudson Bay**—"Down North" to romantic frontiers, via Winnipeg.
6. **Jasper in the Canadian Rockies**—play, relax in mountain grandeur.
7. **Minaki (Lakes of the Woods)**—swimming, motor-boating, golf in a

northwoods setting. Wonderful fishing!

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9. **Provinces by the Sea**—beaches, bays, fishing ports, historic old cities.
10. **Romantic French Canada**—Gaspé and the Saguenay—like taking a trip abroad.

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The Miraculous Pictures

As evidence of the 34-year-old "Miracle of Fátima" in Portugal, the Vatican's newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, recently printed Page One pictures which were reprinted by newspapers and magazines around the globe (TIME, Dec. 3). The pictures showed the sun darkened near the horizon, supposedly shortly after noon on Oct. 13, 1917. Thousands of people who had gathered that day, on the same spot where three Portuguese children said they had seen visions of the Virgin Mary, declared that they had seen the noonday sun swirl and dip. The pictures were evidence of the miracle, said *L'Osservatore*, since they were of "rigorously authentic origin" and had been snapped by a witness who "succeeded in fixing the exceptional scene." Last week, *L'Osservatore* changed its mind, it now doubted the authenticity of the pictures, and added: "We might very well have been deceived in our good faith."

Actually, the pictures were fakes, according to the *Voice of Fátima*, the Roman Catholic journal published by the shrine at Fátima. "In the interests of accuracy," it said, the world should know that the pictures were not taken in 1917 at noontime, but in 1921 during "an atmospheric effect at sunset." *L'Osservatore* got the pictures through Federico Cardinal Tedeschini, who had heard about them from Dr. Joao de Mendonça, a Portuguese government official and member of the reception committee at the shrine's anniversary celebration last year. Mendonça explained that his deceased brother, an amateur photographer, had taken the pictures of the miracle.

L'Osservatore waited to print the pictures, which had "Fátima, 1917" written on them, until Mendonça had sent the paper a letter, asserting their authenticity. But later Mendonça explained, as the *Voice* did, that he had been mistaken and the pictures had indeed been taken towards sunset some years after 1917. The 1917 date had been erroneously written on.

Ah, Travel

To celebrate his homecoming after a four-month tour of Europe, Hearst Columnist Westbrook Pegler last week penned a "Patriotic Pome" for his column. While it failed to prove conclusively either that travel is broadening or that Peg is even a bottom-rung poetaster, it did give him a chance for a rare and sardonic bow to his critics. Excerpts:

Flying across the ocean of beautiful azure hue

It certainly does make you proud of the Red, the White and Blue . . .

Perhaps, mayhap, you have not heard how our democracy

Is inculcating millions with ideals both fine and free . . .

The Communists [were] put out rout, those lowdown Red betrayers.

They tried to undermine us, but now they're getting theirs.

And yet some critics carp and sneer, with harsh, dishonest words

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TIME's weekly coverage of the developments and discoveries in the world of **MEDICINE** keep you intelligently informed on this important part of the newscap.

TIME, MARCH 24, 1952

And call our people spendthrifts, throwing money to the birds.
That Pegler, for example, is a low destructive cad
To read his vitriol you'd think we ne'er done naught but bad.
He smears the memory of He® who, ever in our love,
Will shine forth like a beacon from eternal rest above.
And She who is by all proclaimed la première femme de toutes
He often heaps with insults like a dame of ill-repute.
Where'er he goes he somehow seems to always find the "dirt!"



WESTBROOK PEGLER
"A low, destructive cad?"

Our finest leaders he does smear, democracy to hurt . . .
It sure has been a thrill to see the Stars and Stripes so brave
From London down to Naples and upon the briny wave
Teaching the backward peoples of the olden world to be
Intelligent and tolerant and noble, just like we . . .
So onward billions! On billions! Conquer All!

The Price of Pressagents

The U.S. Government has 2,625 pressagents on its payroll and the equivalent of 1,007 more in part-time employees, a House subcommittee announced last week. Total salaries for 1952: \$17,134,390. Among the biggest users of pressagents: Air Force 741, Army 81 (plus the equivalent, part-time, of 602 more), Navy 642, Economic Stabilization Agency 411 (plus eight), Mutual Security Agency 209 (plus 48), Agriculture Department 19 (plus 156). Smallest: Export-Import Bank, 1/10 of a full-time employee.

* For the uninitiated: "The Great Spirit of Hyde Park."

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5. For angle of backrest.
6. For tension of tilt action.

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MODEL 20-A



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Illustrated: At top, 17-A Executive Chair, \$48.45 (\$50.95*); also 17-T, armless, \$43.25 (\$45.25*) Extreme left, 16-S Secretarial Chair with spring back, \$31.95 (\$33.45*); also 16-F, fixed back, \$29.95 (\$31.35*). Left, 20-A Side Chair, \$29.25 (\$30.55*); also 20-L, armless, \$23.95 (\$25.25*).

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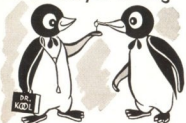
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Have set you choking



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steady smoke for that
clean, KOOL taste!

Basketball Bounces Back

The gambler who knowingly played against a crooked roulette game, "because it was the only wheel in town," had nothing on the diehard U.S. basketball fan. Last week at Madison Square Garden, scene of sport's biggest scandal, precisely 18,485 fans, just eight short of the alltime Garden basketball record, jammed their way in to see the final of the National Invitation tournament between Philadelphia's La Salle College and the University of Dayton. Basketball, contaminated by fixers and dumpers a year ago, was certain of its clean bill of health from the fans when a Garden official announced happily—and somewhat incredulously: "We could have sold 7,000 or 8,000 more tickets if we had them."

The fans' frantic interest stemmed, in part, from a standing U.S. tradition: love of the underdog. Both Dayton and La Salle, unseeded and unsung, had reached the final round after a series of startling upsets. Dayton, thanks to the prodigious scoring of lanky (6 ft. 7 in.) Don Meineke (71 points in three games), had humbled New York University, St. Louis and St. Bonaventure. La Salle, thanks mainly to aggressive teamwork rather than an individual star, had whipped Seton Hall, St. John's and top-seeded Duquesne. La Salle's problem: to stop Dayton's Meineke.

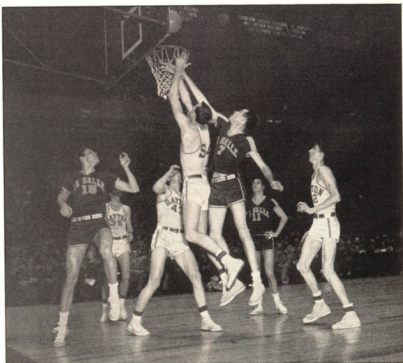
The smaller (by an inch) La Salle team started badly. Meineke hooked in a basket within the first ten seconds of play. But from that point on, dogged La Salle

handcuffed the giant by double- and even triple-teaming him, i.e., guarding him with a cluster of two or three players. The Dayton men thus left unguarded showed what canny La Salle Coach Ken Loeffler had already suspected: a weakness in sinking long shots. By half time, with Meineke held to 9 points, the La Salle tactics had paid off with a 38-30 lead.

In the first minutes of the second half, Dayton's determined surge brought the crowd to its feet as it cut La Salle's leading margin to two points. At that stage La Salle gave Dayton a lesson in teamwork. The next ten points, all La Salle's, were scored, almost in perfect rotation, by each of the five men of the La Salle team. Final score: 75-64. The La Salle victory was doubly sweet. It meant a chance to play in next month's Olympic elimination tournament, and it confounded the selectors for this week's N.C.A.A. tournament, who had carefully chosen beaten Dayton, St. John's and Duquesne, as the teams most likely to succeed.

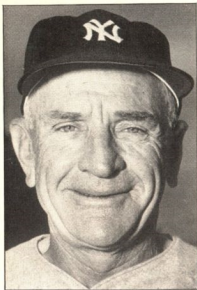
You Know the Names

To the baseball fans, lazily sunning themselves in St. Petersburg, Fla. last week, it was just another exhibition game. To New York Yankee Manager Casey Stengel, artfully juggling 16 players into the line-up, it was another chance to solve his three most pressing problems: 1) a man to replace retired Centerfielder Joe DiMaggio; 2) an infielder to fill the gap when Second Baseman Gerry Coleman goes back to Marine flying duty; 3) an-



JUMPING FOR THE REBOUND: DAYTON'S DON MEINEKE & LA SALLE'S NORM GREKIN
Unseeded, unsung and doubly sweet.

United Press



Associated Press

CASEY STENGEL

"Every club is better this year."

other starting pitcher to rotate with his three proven performers, Vic Raschi (21-10), Ed Lopat (21-9), and Allie Reynolds (17-8).

The particular problem of beating the Boston Red Sox that day was of mere academic interest. It was solved in typical Yankee fashion: a two-run pinch double by lumbering (230 lbs.) Johnny Mize, now 39, but still able to wield a potent bat. Final score: 7-4. After the game Stengel said happily: "A hitter like John can rifle that ball even if he has to be wheeled up to the plate.* He'll win or help win some games for us in the pinch this year, same as last."

"I Got . . ." Stengel was truculently happy about a lot of things. As if answering unspoken criticism, and, as usual, rarely mentioning a player by name, Stengel talked with pride of his world champions: "I got the best outfield in the business . . . I'm five deep . . . No other club's got more than two . . . What's the matter with Hank Bauer and Gene Woodling? Nothing! They could play for any team. I got those three kids [Mickey Mantle, Jackie Jensen and Bob Cerv]. They can hit; they can run; they can throw."

"I got the best shortstop in baseball [Phil Rizzuto, Most Valuable Player in the American League in 1950] . . . I got the best catcher [Yogi Berra, 1951 M.V.P.], and I got two others to back him up [Ralph Houk and Charlie Silveira]. If he [Berra] wasn't such a good hitter, I'd play the others more. They can catch as good."

"I've Been Saying . . ." Stengel paused to take a swig of beer, and went on: "I got this guy [Infielder Gil McDougald]. He may look funny at bat [average: .306],

* The modern view. Cobb, rickety afoot after 24 years in the majors, hung up his spikes after a season (1928) in which he batted a thumping .323.



The Bookkeeper Who Turned Bookmaker . . . and Lost!

The hospital bookkeeper handled considerable money in cash. He was paid \$3,000 a year, but he gambled as a bettor and bookmaker for many times that amount . . . and lost.

In three years, it was discovered that this trusted bookkeeper had padded payrolls and misappropriated contributions for a grand total of \$103,425.96. The hospital lost, too. He had been gambling with the hospital's money . . . not his own.

Of course, U. S. F. & G. promptly paid the full amount of the bond . . . but the bookkeeper had been covered for only \$10,000. The hospital lost \$93,425.96.

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but he was the best rookie last year. He can play second or third. I don't know where I'll play him... I'm still experimenting... I still got the best utility infielder [Billy Martin*] in the majors... And how about that guy [Big \$5,000 bonus-boy Andy Carey] on third today? Got three hits, didn't he? ... What's the matter with my man on first [Joe Collins]? He can hit [.286]. He can field. Name a better one in the league.

"I've been saying all along that our pitching would be better this year... I got those three [Raschi, Lopat and Reynolds], and that other fellow [Johnny Sain] could come back. We'll have [Tom] Morgan (9-3) for the whole season. And that other fellow [Frank Shea] looks twice as good as when he finished up last fall [5-5]. Cleveland may have better pitching than we do, but no one else."

By week's end, Stengel's optimism seemed more than justified. His champions, eyeing their fourth straight pennant, were already playing at a pennant clip. They had won six out of seven games, had pounded out 89 hits, scored 47 runs. And Stengel's much-criticized two-platoon outfield was hitting at a .400 pace. Despite the Yankees' pre-season getaway, Stengel is too canny to come right out and predict another pennant: "Hell, every club is better this year. Cleveland's got that new pitcher [Sam Jones]. Detroit will be tougher now that he [Pitcher Art Houtteman] is back. Hornsby will make them [the St. Louis Browns] tougher... It'll be quite a season."

Who Won

¶ World Middleweight Champion Sugar Ray Robinson, in his first defense of his regained title, a 15-round decision over Carl ("Bobo") Olson; in San Francisco. Obviously ring-rusty and, at 31, no longer able to go at top speed for 45 minutes, Robinson acted like a man about to retire after his next two fights. Opponents: one-time Champion Rocky Graziano, in April and Paddy Young, in May, "if I still have my title."

¶ Yale's John Marshall, Australian Olympic swimmer, the Eastern Intercollegiate 1,500-meter and 220-yard titles; at New Haven. In his bid to keep his triple title, Marshall was edged by his roommate Wayne Moore, by a stroke, in the 440-yard event.

¶ The Oxford track team, its fifth straight, over Cambridge, 68-58; in London. Oxford Miller Chris Chataway perked up Britain's Olympic hopes by running the distance in 4:10.2, 4.6 seconds under Roger Bannister's meet record.

¶ Mrs. Mildred ("Babe") Zaharias, the Titleholders golf tournament, with a score of 299, eleven over par, for four rounds; at Augusta, Ga.

¶ Vic Herschkowitz, a New York fireman, the national A.A.U. singles handball championship, over Chicago's Ken Schneider, 21-11, 21-16; in Detroit.

© Who broke his ankle in a freak accident last week while demonstrating how to slide for his good friend Joe DiMaggio's television film.



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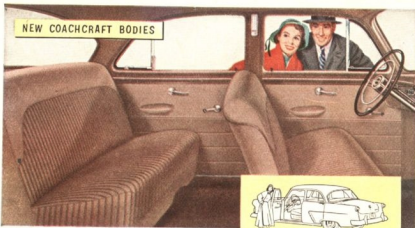
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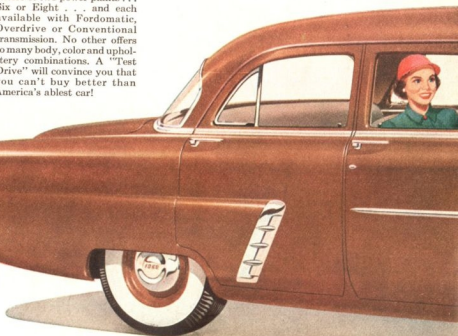
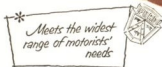
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The '52 Ford is designed to out-ride any car in its class. New rear springs are longer. New rear shock absorbers are diagonally mounted. Front springs are tailored to the weight of each model. The wheelbase is longer... the front tread is wider... the center of gravity is lower. These and the many other features of Ford's Advanced Automatic Ride Control for 1952 level the roughest roads and take the tilt out of turns.

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NOW! 110-h.p. STRATO-STAR V-8

More power and more "go" per gallon. You get both in a '52 Ford, whether your choice is the all-new, high-compression 101-h.p. Mileage Maker Six, with free-turning overhead valves, or the famous Ford high-compression 110-h.p. Strato-Star V-8! Here are two performance-packed power plants that deliver their "go" on regular gas, thanks to Ford's exclusive Automatic Power Pilot. Both engines give you the

quiet, long-wearing efficiency of super-fitted aluminum alloy pistons and new precision molded alloy crankshaft... exclusive to Ford in its field. Both give you the quick-starting advantage of Waterproof Ignition. In the entire "Six" field the Ford Mileage Maker, with its low-friction design, is the finest and most modern! While the Ford Strato-Star V-8 is the most powerful engine... and the only V-8... in its class!



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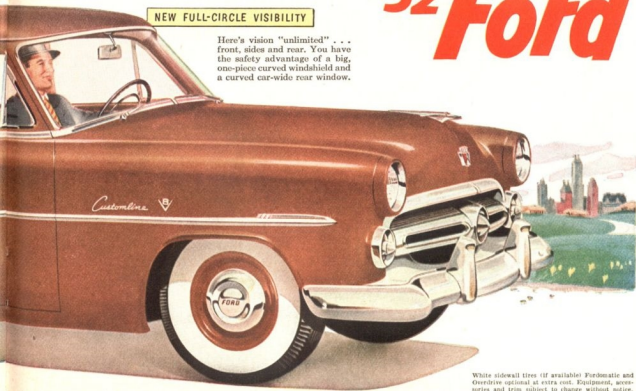
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SCIENCE

Civilization? No Thanks!

The nomad pygmies of South-West Africa, who are fleet as deer, roam unchecked over the vast deserts bordering on Bechuanaland. They are not above hunting down domesticated cattle and playing tag with avenging white policemen. Game Warden Dr. P. J. Schoeman has long thought the energetic Bushmen ought to have their own private reserve. But first he needed to win his wards some popular support.

By jungle telegraph, he passed the word that he was planning to give away free tobacco rations. Some 40 pygmies showed up for the handout. Of these, Schoeman was able to persuade only 18 to help him in his experiment. The 18 made the long trek south to Cape Town, so that the white men at South Africa's tercentenary exposition this week could see the pygmies in the flesh. Only men and married women went along because, as any pygmy knows, a maiden who drinks water from alien springs will become sterile.

From the pygmy point of view, the trip has been more or less of a failure. They are content enough to eat Cape Town's plentiful food, but aside from the salt, they are not very fond of a civilized diet. They like their own everyday dishes, berries, roots and snake meat, better. As for all the other benefits of civilization, only the sewage system impresses them. Their loose loincloths, they say, are far superior to tight-fitting civilized clothing, and their own home brew, made from melons, has more kick than the white man's firewater.

Warden Schoeman is worried that the little visitors may like their lazy life in Cape Town so much that they will not want to go back to Okavango. But he feels sure that sooner or later they will realize a home in the bush is worth two automobiles in Cape Town. Eventually, inquisitive scientists will have to track them down to their desert home.

Strictly for the Birds

After selling baubles and fancy fabrics to the world's theaters for more than a century, Dazian's Inc. is seldom surprised when strange uses are discovered for its merchandise. When its twisted metallic streamers, designed to decorate theater marquees, blossomed on the nation's highways as filling-station art, the stolid firm took it as a matter of course. Then a Middle Western mechanic reported that for the first time he was able to harvest a full crop from the strawberry patch next to his filling station. He gave all the credit to sunlight glinting off the bright streamers and frightening marauding birds.

Amazed at last, Dazian's checked with a long list of agricultural experiment stations. As a result, farmers getting ready for spring planting will be able to order the Spirulium Whirlers from a Sears, Roebuck catalogue. Enthusiastic users claim they will even put gophers and field mice to flight.

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RADIO & TV

Spoofers

An unwary dial-twirler in New York is likely to tune in on some strange and wonderful giveaway shows. From an "overstocked surplus warehouse," the listener has been offered "at laughably low prices, sweaters in two styles—turtle or V-neck. Just state what kind of neck you have." Or how about a ten-day course on "How to Become a 97-lb. Weakling"? Or a Handy Burglar Kit, containing jimmies, canvas gloves, crepe-soled shoes and "aliases you can use over and over again—for example, Benjamin Franklin and Mary, Queen of Scots."

Such broad spoofing of radio's best-known institutions is the specialty of Bob & Ray, a pair of deadpan comics whose



BOB & RAY

How to become a 97-lb. weakling.

four programs seem to crop up at all hours of the day and night on NBC's network and local schedule.

Bob Elliott, 29, and Ray Goulding, 30, who began joking with each other and the listening public as announcers on Boston's station WHDH, moved to Manhattan last summer and began with a 15-minute afternoon spot on NBC. As their popularity has grown, so has the number of their shows. Their newest spot, at 11:30 a.m., is sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, which dropped a soap opera called *King's Row* in favor of the boys.

Bob & Ray's "dramatic" interludes are not-so-gentle burlesques of just such shows as *King's Row*. Playing all the roles themselves, they have produced *Mr. Trace, Keener Than Most Persons* (The Leaky Refrigerator in the Efficiency Apartment Murder Clue), *Jack Headstrong*, the *All-American American* (now working on an

© Radio: Mon. through Fri., 11:30 a.m.; Sat., 8:30 p.m.; in New York only, Mon. through Sat., 6-8:30 a.m. TV: Tues. and Thurs., 7:15 p.m.



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INVESTORS
SELECTIVE FUND

**Investors
SELECTIVE FUND, Inc.**

Notice of 25th Consecutive Dividend.
The Board of Directors of Investors Selective Fund has declared a quarterly dividend of nine cents per share payable on March 21, 1952 to shareholders of record as of February 29, 1952

H. K. Bradford, President

**Investors
SELECTIVE FUND, INC.**
Minneapolis, Minnesota

congenial

as an old-time friend

**HOTEL
Mayfair**
ST. LOUIS



Teletype
SL 139

interplanetary motorcycle), and *Mary Backstage, Noble Wife* ("There's usually an amnesia case or a brain operation going on"). Another character, played by Ray: Mary McGoon, a composite of all women commentators and home helpers (her cure for a cold: goosefat in an Argyle sock, hung around the neck).

A writer helps them think up ideas, but the comics use only an outline for a script and make up most of the gags as they go along. They will earn about \$150,000 apiece in 1952, but they insist that there is nothing difficult about their art. Explains Bob: "All we do is listen to the radio and watch TV."

Total Loss

Movie-theater owners were hoping they had found one solution to the problem of their sluggish box offices. Why not pipe in big sports events by means of private coaxial cables? Fans would have to pay to see the events, either at the point of origin, or at specific movie houses. Some exhibitors tried the scheme out last year (TIME, June 25). Last week the results were in: movies will probably have to be better than ever, without benefit of TV.

The plain truth, said David B. Wallerstein, general manager of the Balaban & Katz theater chain, is that nine fights and football games cost B. & K.'s Chicago Tivoli theater \$23,640. Admissions brought in \$14,541. Total loss (excluding normal operating costs): \$10,312. The only Tivoli telecast to make money (\$1,213) was the Robinson-Turpin fight in September. B. & K. has invested \$128,000 in special TV equipment for five theaters, but, said Wallerstein, the company will make no further installations.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, March 21. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Die Meistersinger*, with Wegner, Hopf, Schoeffler, Pechner.

NBC Symphony (Sat. 6:30 p.m., NBC). Another simultaneous radio-TV concert conducted by Toscanini.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Conductor: Bruno Walter.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *Second Threshold*, with Fredric March, Dorothy McGuire.

U.S.S.R. (Mon.-Thurs. 10:30 p.m., ABC). Repeat broadcasts of a documentary series on Soviet life.

TELEVISION

All Star Revue (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). With Jimmy Durante. Guest: Margaret Truman.

America's Town Meeting (Sun. 6:30 p.m., ABC). "Can the Democrats Win?" Yes: Senator Estes Kefauver; no: Maryland's Governor T. R. McKeldin.

Colgate Comedy Hour (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis.

Pulitzer Prize Playhouse (Wed. 10 p.m., ABC). *Robert E. Lee*, with Robert Keith, Ilka Chase.

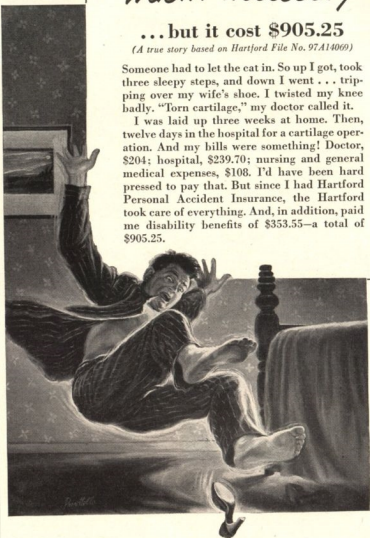
This trip wasn't necessary

... but it cost \$905.25

(A true story based on Hartford File No. 97A14069)

Someone had to let the cat in. So up I got, took three sleepy steps, and down I went ... tripping over my wife's shoe. I twisted my knee badly. "Torn cartilage," my doctor called it.

I was laid up three weeks at home. Then, twelve days in the hospital for a cartilage operation. And my bills were something! Doctor, \$204; hospital, \$239.70; nursing and general medical expenses, \$108. I'd have been hard pressed to pay that. But since I had Hartford Personal Accident Insurance, the Hartford took care of everything. And, in addition, paid me disability benefits of \$353.55—a total of \$905.25.



Does accident insurance cost much?

No ... Rates are low! Hartford Medical Expense Accident Insurance costs as little as \$11.75 a year ... plus disability benefits of \$50.00 per week, for as little as \$20.00 more per year.

Less than 10¢ per day ... for both! Think of that! Think, too, of what one

little accident—like tripping over your wife's shoe in the dark—could do to your budget.

Then do the wise thing: see your Hartford Accident and Indemnity Agent or your insurance broker today. Or write us for details.

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ART



PEIRCE'S "SUN BATHERS"
More refreshing than crisscrosses and cones.

Nostalgia

Alan D. Gruskin, director of Manhattan's Midtown Galleries, was in a complaining mood: the abstractions that young painters are turning out these days are just "too academic—a formula too easy for the young painter to learn without ever having learned the fundamentals." Last week Gruskin put on a show that was about as fundamental as he could imagine. Its subject: the nude.

Gruskin's artists obviously appreciate the human figure, and they seem to prefer it uncaged by cubes and triangles, crisscrosses and cones. Their nudes crouched or sat or slept, looking just as they did in life. And some of them had the refreshing quality of being a bit old-fashioned. Among them: Oronzio Maldarelli's statue of a young girl, seated cross-legged on her pedestal like some dreaming nymph; Doris Rosenthal's Gauguin-like study of a tropic beauty drowning in a chair; Waldo Peirce's Renoirish painting of a mother and child happily basking in the streaming seashore sun.

Director Gruskin had to admit that he was "pleasantly surprised" by the number of nudes his artists had done, even though he knew that their work would be a bit hard to market. "Nudes," says he, "have never sold too well. A lot of museums are leary of them because their trustees are conservative businessmen. Even bars have been giving them up for mirrors. One nude we displayed in a bar had to be taken down because the drinkers objected." Abstractions don't raise the same problem.

Fierce Old Bird

The big hall seemed more like a temple than merely the exhibition gallery of Tokyo's Mitsukoshi department store. There, in hushed appreciation, some 30,000 viewers a day have shuffled for two weeks

among the sculptured Buddhas, peered into sacred mirrors, gazed at ancient masks and paintings. Japan is one country where a show of art treasures can draw more people than generally turn out for a baseball game.

Many of the items on exhibit were glittering reminders of the Nara era (710-794 A.D.)—the golden age of Japanese art, when the Japanese were beginning to throw off the influences of India and China and to develop styles of their own. In those days, artists of every sort swarmed about the great Buddhist temples at Nara, 20 miles south of Kyoto. Some worked with stone, wood and metals. Others chose lacquer, mixing it with powdered incense, spreading it on linen strips over models of wood or plaster, and then painting their work in flaming vermilion, gold and blue. Over the years, most of their work has been lost or burned, but enough of it remains to show how good some of the old, forgotten artists were.

Among the most striking statues in the exhibition was a Nara-period lacquer of the demigod Karura, one of the legendary protectors of Shakamuni Buddha. His unknown craftsman visualized him as looking a good deal like an ancient warrior, with stern glance, hanging jowls and a suit of mail—but distinguished from ordinary mortals by a belligerently bird-like beak.

Why the beak? Modern Japanese are not sure. One opinion is that Karura is patterned after the Indian bird-god, Garuda, who used to thrive on serpents. Another version: Karura broke some of Buddha's precepts and got his face altered in punishment. The 420,000 Japanese who trooped past him were hardly bothered by historical uncertainties; Karura, in all his fierce, proud finery, was simply a pleasure to look at.

Music on Canvas

When Wassily Kandinsky died in Paris seven years ago, his passing was little noted. Yet no one, not even Matisse or Picasso, has had a greater influence on modern art. This week Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art is honoring Kandinsky's memory with a big, retrospective show of his works, drawn partly from Manhattan's Museum of Non-Objective Painting and partly from his widow's Paris collection.

Spring Showers. The exhibition looks like a historical survey of abstract painting. Kandinsky, whose basic idea was that painting, like music and mathematics, can be purely abstract, sowed the seeds of the movement and cultivated its growth throughout his life. He painted the 20th century's first all-out abstraction in 1911, and kept on experimenting in abstract art until his death.

The early Kandinskys, such as *Light Form*, were fresh and fruitfully as spring thunderstorms. Scores of lesser abstractionists sprouted under their spell. Kandinsky called his first, free-wheeling abstractions "improvisations." Subsequent, elaborately thought-out paintings such as *Le Bon Constat* and *One Center* he called "compositions."

Kandinsky's followers have generally reversed the trend of his life work, progressing from geometrical arrangements of colored shapes to the confused "advance guard" abstractions which are now the latest thing in U.S. art. But none seriously rivals Kandinsky's talent.

The Inner Life. An artist's duties, Kandinsky believed, "are precise, great, and holy." He came to those duties late. Born of a well-to-do Moscow family, he spent six years of research on the wages of Russian workmen, then at 30 went to study painting in Germany. He



KARURA
Better than baseball.

United Press



KANDINSKY'S "ONE CENTER" (1924)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting



"LIGHT FORM" (1913)

"LE BON CONTACT" (1938)





WASSILY KANDINSKY
"There is no must."

learned slowly, and had no success whatever until the publication of his book, *On the Spiritual in Art*, in 1912, which remains the Bible of the abstractionist movement.

But Kandinsky never meant to lay down the law. He maintained that new discoveries in art are only "the organic development and growth" of older truths [which] are not destroyed. "There is no 'must' in art, he added. "From this 'must' art flees as day shuns the night." He wrote that "clinging to a 'school' . . . can only lead to misunderstanding, misconception, obscurity and mutilation. The artist should be blind to the importance of 'recognition' or 'non-recognition' and deaf to the teachings and demands of the time. His eye should be directed to his inner life and his ear should harken to the words of the inner necessity."

White Silence. The color white Kandinsky described as having "the absoluteness of a great silence. It sounds inwardly and corresponds to some pauses in music . . . Thus, probably, did the earth resound during the . . . Ice Age." Black he thought of as "something extinguished like a burned pyre . . . Outwardly it is the least harmonious color, yet . . . any other color, even the weakest, will appear stronger and more precise in front of it . . ." Vermilion was "like a relentlessly glowing passion, a solid power within itself, which cannot easily be surpassed but which can be extinguished by blue, as glowing iron is put out by water."

Kandinsky's abstractions never fell into showoff coldness. There was passion enough in his pictures to overwhelm even so anti-abstract a social-realist painter as Mexico's Diego Rivera. "I know of nothing more real than the painting of Kandinsky," Rivera once wrote, "not anything more true and nothing more beautiful. A painting of Kandinsky gives no image of earthly life—it is life itself."

Sermons in Stone

Jacquetta Hawkes is an archeologist in love with the earth and stone of her native Britain. Out of her studies and her warm prejudice has come an extraordinary book called *A Land*, tracing the relationship between man and rock. With its publication in the U.S. last week (Random House; \$3.75), readers found that the book is also a refreshing document on stone and art.

To Author Hawkes, the "center of gravity of a people in any age" can be found in the way they build. "Neolithic communities hauled megalithic blocks to their communal tombs, Bronze Age men did the same for their temples, the Iron Age Celts amassed materials for their tribal strongholds . . . medieval society sweated for its churches . . . The Victorians moved unprecedented masses of stone for town halls, exchanges . . . factories, and docks."

Floke & Fall. Until the 17th century, says Author Hawkes, Britons seemed to understand their stone. Then classical ideas captured the imagination of the architects, and there began an insatiable demand for freestone (close-grained rock with no visible layering) "to build façades which were largely dependent on . . . clean surface texture." In the 17th and early 18th centuries, the architects rushed up so many new Oxford colleges that the stone was often used "unseasoned" and without regard for the lie of the strata in the quarry. The result: "Within a few decades the poor quality freestones began to blister, flake, and fall away . . . Whole buildings fell into a premature and degraded old age."

Thanks to the "profoundly irresponsible" Royal Commission, even the Houses of Parliament suffered. Once again the stone came in unseasoned and without regard for the original lie of the rock. "A few decades of exposure to the climate of London and particularly to its acid-charged rain, and the whole of that vast display of Gothic revivalism began to crumble and dissolve."

Select & Cut. Fortunately for much of the rest of London, Sir Christopher Wren did know the stone he used. As royal custodian of the splendid quarries in the Isle of Portland, he supervised the selection and cutting of every block. This Portland stone "was to spring up in the rich variety of Wren's towers and steeples . . . As its greatest glory, the stone was to grow, to blossom, into St. Paul's." For that job, Wren never used a block "unless it had been exposed for at least three years."

Today, says Jacquetta Hawkes, Britons are not so lucky. "The fatal discovery of Portland cement [no kin to Portland stone] was made about a century ago. I am aware that steel and concrete building can be good, that it puts all kinds of possibilities before us—such as houses wider at the top than at the bottom . . . [But] it represents that terrifying new phenomenon, man mechanized and living cut off from his land, from the rock out of which he has come."

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MEDICINE

Dangerous Bottleneck

Lorraine Delmonico's feet were always cold, but nobody bothered to find out why. Even when her first baby was born dead of poor blood supply it was put down to bad luck.

But last year, pregnant again, Lorraine went to Chicago's Presbyterian Hospital for a thorough check. The doctors found high blood pressure above her heart, low blood pressure below it. This, with a murmur heard over Lorraine's heart and other signs of abnormal circulation, indicated that she had suffered since birth from a coarctation (narrowing) of the



MRS. DELMONICO & FAMILY
Her feet were always cold.

aorta. The operation to correct this condition is drastic and dangerous; furthermore, there was no record of its having been done on a woman three months pregnant. But the doctors felt that the risk had to be taken.

The bottleneck section of the aorta was cut out and the ends were spliced together. Lorraine spent 33 days in the hospital. Last week, after another stay in the hospital, she went home with a healthy, 8-lb. daughter. Lorraine's heart is in fine shape. And her feet are warm. "No one who hasn't had cold feet all his life knows how wonderful it is," she said.

Doctors' Chisel

For a dozen years, the California Medical Association has been mighty proud of its insurance plan for paying part of the cost of doctors' bills. With \$20,000 subscribers and more than \$18 million paid out in their behalf last year, the California Physicians' Service is one of the nation's largest and most successful private medical plans. As such, it is offered as a working-model argument against state

"Can I save enough on gas to pay for my oil?"

Yes, if it is Macmillan Ring-Free Motor Oil.

Question: "But how is that possible?"

Answer: Because Macmillan Oil makes your car go faster or farther or climb a steeper hill on the same amount of gasoline.

Q: "I still don't get it. Why?"

A: Follow this closely, please. Automotive engineers tell us that 50% of your gasoline is burned up overcoming engine friction (at 40 miles an hour on a level highway).

Q: "What's that got to do with it?"

A: Anything that reduces this friction means that less of your tankful is needed to overcome friction and more of it can drive your car.

Q: "So?"

A: Tests show that motorists get an average of 8% more power from the same amount of gasoline after they change from *whatever brand* they have been using to Macmillan Ring-Free Motor Oil.

Q: "What tests?"

A: Hundreds and hundreds of cars like yours were tested on a Dynamometer—the testing machine accepted by the automotive industry to measure power.

Q: "Well, what's so wonderful about 8%?"

A: At 25¢ a gallon, 8% means 2¢ saved on every gallon. And over a normal period between oil drains, that means \$2.00—enough to pay for your Macmillan Oil refill.

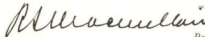
Q: "I see. Macmillan Oil gives me enough extra miles from a tankful of gas to save me the cost of a Macmillan refill. Is that it?"

A: Exactly. If you are getting average mileage, with Macmillan you get an *extra 20 miles* from every tankful. But that isn't all.

Q: "What else?"

A: While it's reducing friction, Macmillan Oil does a cleaning job by reducing deposits of carbon and gum in the combustion chamber, in rings, valves and valve stems. Macmillan contains a natural cleansing element inherent in the oil itself. And a cleaner motor means higher compression from better piston seal, sweeter running and less chance of ping. Your motor stays new longer, uses less oil—because less friction means less repairs, fewer bills.

The big red "M" tells you where to drive in to find Macmillan Oil—at independent service stations, garages and car dealers.



President

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2. TOUGH PART IS I had my chance. Always had a job through good years and lean. And Mary—hardly a day passed that she didn't talk of putting away a "nest egg" for later on. What happened?



3. BILL BROWN KNOWS! Years back—on a fishing trip—he warned me that *action*, not talk, was the answer. Bill had it all figured out. Even had a plan that would let him retire financially independent at 60.



4. WE LOOKED INTO IT. The plan Bill was following made plenty of sense. But me—I was for putting it off. And I was still looking for that one "big break" that would put us safe and secure on easy street.

5.

Had I Started Then . . .

this Bankers Life Plan would have required as little as \$10 a month—and increased as my earnings increased. In addition, it would have provided full insurance protection plus a ready source of cash in case of emergency. Just what we needed!



6. WHAT CAN I SAY? It's too late to change things now. Sure, Mary's a good trouper—the best. But I know what she thinks. I've made her pay for my mistakes. I've hurt two people by not making the one decision that could have changed our lives.

medicine. Last week C.P.S. was shocked to its bone marrow: 200 or more doctors had been gyping the plan by charging it for services they had never rendered. The swag was estimated at \$1,000,000 to \$1,200,000 a year.

Sometimes the doctors billed C.P.S. for operations which were not performed and office calls that were never made. One chiseler made the crude mistake of sending in a bill for surgery and office calls while the patient was actually in New York. Others got higher fees by raising the category of their work—e.g., charging for a cataract operation instead of merely draining a sty. There was wholesale chiseling by charging for imaginary X rays and laboratory tests.

C.P.S. trustees, worried by longtime whippersnappers, had canvassed a large group of patients, and all too often found the whippersnappers justified. Now, in any case where gouging is suspected, the doctor's bill is audited before he gets paid. The trustees hope that, now that the racket has been exposed, the guilty doctors will mend their ways. C.P.S. would prefer not to sue them, but if it has to, it will.

The Story of Petey Frank

John Peter Frank was a curly-haired, dark-eyed baby who seemed perfectly normal at birth and for the first few months of his life in Bloomington, Ind., where his father was teaching law at the state university. True, Petey seemed slower than most babies in trying to roll over and sit up, but his parents thought little of it. One steaming day in Washington, D.C., Petey fainted and was sick for a while; the doctor thought it was only the heat. A second seizure was laid to an ear infection. The third time, a doctor gave the verdict: "It's CNS."

To Lawyer Frank, the initials meant nothing. Then the bitter truth was spelled out: Petey's illness lay in the central nervous system. A series of tests was made, and the Franks learned the worst: Petey was suffering from what some of the doctors called cortical atrophy. A vital region of the brain was defective. Petey might never learn to walk or to talk; if he "grew up" at all, it would be slowly and ever so slightly.

The Patience of Angels. John Paul Frank tells all this, and what has happened to Petey since, in *My Son's Story* (Knopf; \$3). "The publishing of it is a ripping apart of his privacy and ours," he says, but he does it for three reasons: "First, the American people ought to know more than they do about an almost unknown and yet common tragedy in their midst . . . If they know, they can do a great deal to improve the handling of it. Second, certain people, doing a magnificent if lonely job trying to meet the situation now, deserve a public recognition. And finally . . . perhaps our account of groping our way through may help the next fellow along the same path."

The doctors were unanimous that the Franks ought to put Petey in a home, and soon. The care of an incurably handicapped child would blight the parents'

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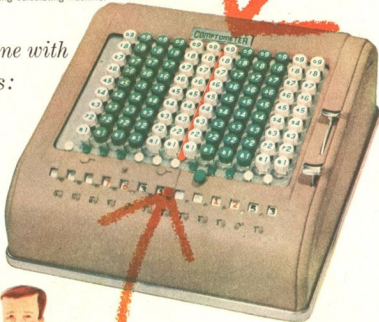


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RED LABEL
BLACK LABEL
(Both 86.8 Proof)

lives, and rule out a normal home for later children. Though the Franks are Jewish, a Protestant doctor advised them to get Petey into a Roman Catholic home for children. He explained: "It takes the patience of an angel to care for the mentally defective. The sisters are more likely to have it than any one else."

It was easier said than done. Lawyer Frank had been law clerk to Supreme Court Justice Hugo L. Black* and was able to draw on the powerful help of a Catholic justice, the late Frank Murphy. Even so, it took many months to find among the few homes caring for handicapped children one that would accept a baby of Petey's age and with his incurable illness. It took almost as long for Petey's mother, Lorraine Frank, to make up her



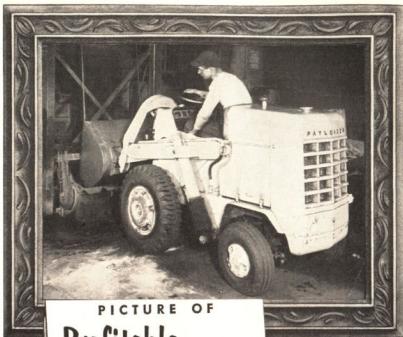
JOHN PAUL FRANK
It was CNS.

mind to part with her first-born. Only when her second baby was on the way could she make the difficult decision.

Walking Proudly. Then the Franks got a break. There was a vacancy at St. Rita's Home, outside Buffalo, run by the Felician Sisters, and Petey was accepted. There, among other retarded children for whom there is no hope of normal development, Petey has stayed, and his parents visit him three or four times a year. Now five, he weighs a little over 30 pounds and has the mental powers of a one-year-old. He has learned to walk—"ungracefully and unsteadily," says his mother, "but with an unmistakably proud grin on his face"—and he can say a few simple words.

The Franks are sure that they did the right thing. Petey is happy with other children, and is getting the best of care. And their second child, three-year-old Gretchen, is a normal youngster enjoying a normal home life.

* Of whom he wrote a sympathetic biography (*Mr. Justice Black: The Man and His Opinions*) in 1949.



PICTURE OF Profitable Manpower

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Only Edison makes it!

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... no other dictating instrument
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More than a thousand users a month are turning to TELEVOICE! (Names you know include divisions of GENERAL ELECTRIC, ESSO STANDARD OIL, UNITED STATES RUBBER, BALTIMORE & OHIO, MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL LIFE, etc.) They're enjoying *new*-fashioned dictation—at an *average cost of \$141 per dictator served!*

EDISON TELEVOICewriter

The Televoice System

Read this Eye-opening Booklet—

It's quick reading, fact-packed, illustrated. Shows how TELEVOICE gets faster action—with greater ease—at lower cost. No obligation—send coupon, filled in or clipped to letterhead. Or phone your local THOMAS A. EDISON representative for demonstration.



Thomas A. Edison, Incorporated (*Ediphone Division*,
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American has handled more freight than any other airline

AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE

AMERICAN AIRLINES INC.

BUSINESS & FINANCE

GOVERNMENT

Bafflegab

In Washington, the up-to-date word for gobbledygook is "bafflegab." Last week a speech by an NPA official on materials allocations furnished a prime example:

"We are peaking our program philosophically, but it is naive to assume the allotment program is an equity program unless the allotments are so abysmally low that they permit the agency to relax and allow market determination as a percentage of base period, sidetracking military return with adjustments.

"This is based on use levels proportionately and is in the market test sense. We now have a quantitative framework with marginal qualitative allocations to formalize the procedure for further refining and implementing of our objectives."

PRICES

Parity Regained

Ever since the start of war in Korea, U.S. farmers have had a price advantage over other citizens. The prices they got for their products went up faster than the prices they had to pay for goods they bought. Last week the Agriculture Department reported a marked change. In mid-February, for the first time in nearly two years, the average of all farm prices stood at parity, i.e., agricultural prices were in balance with industrial prices.*

Part of the change was caused by a slight rise in industrial prices. But most of it was due to a 4% drop in agricultural prices in a month. Eggs were off 6¢ a dozen, butter was down 5¢ a lb., cotton and tobacco were lower. In Florida, where orange production has more than doubled in the last ten years, orange prices "on the tree" had finally started to rise from a five-year low of 45¢ for a 90-lb. box v. \$2 a year ago.

Most of the wholesale drops have not yet reached the housewife. Oranges, for example, were still retailing last week for as much as 60¢ for 5 lbs., or 18 times the price on the tree. And though meat prices were moving down in the stockyards (lamb dropped nearly \$2 a hundredweight from a month ago), they were still sky-high at the retail counter. Oddest situation of all was in potatoes, which two years ago were rotting on the ground for lack of buyers. Last week there was a thriving potato black market, due to the short potato crop last year. OPS officials found that housewives were forced to pay 2¢ to 3¢ a lb. over ceiling, and sometimes to accept parsley and carrots in tie-in sales with

* Parity is a formula for adjusting farm support prices according to the prices farmers have to pay for the things they buy (fertilizer, tractors, etc.). The aim is to give the farmers' dollar the same purchasing power it had in 1910-14. No other segment of the U.S. economy has the same Government guarantee. Parity prices are revised monthly by the Department of Agriculture.



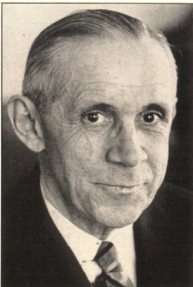
AMERADA'S FIRST WELL IN THE WILLISTON BASIN

Francis Miller—Life

Other eggs in other baskets.

their spuds. From Maine's Aroostook County came reports that potatoes were being shipped across the Canadian border, then shipped back into the U.S. as seed potatoes, on which there is no ceiling.

While the Agriculture Department does not expect the farmer's price position to improve in coming months, it does not see any real relief for the consumer either. Last week, for example, it predicted that the price of beef and pork may show "material gains" by next fall because there is a decline in the number of animals now being fattened up.



OILMAN JACOBSEN

Ray Stevens

Seismographs before smorgasbord.

OIL

The Great Speculation

Among U.S. oil companies, Amerada Petroleum Corp. is relatively small (28th in income), and virtually unknown to the public. But when little Amerada brought in a new oil well in North Dakota's rich Williston Basin last week, its stock jumped 10 points in a few hours. Such jumps, however, are routine for Amerada. It is that rarity of Wall Street poker: a true-blue chip backed by a handful of wild cards.

Amerada always looks high-priced; last week it was selling at \$22½—43 times earnings. Ordinarily, conservative investors would shun such a seemingly overpriced stock. Nevertheless, Amerada's biggest stockholders are conservative U.S. investment trusts; they own 15% of Amerada's 3,688,300 shares. They like it because it is a speculation which has paid off again & again. It has been split twice in six years. Last week it was selling at 22 times its 1929 high; its price has nearly quadrupled since 1949.

Amerada lures investors because it makes fat profits (\$16.9 million last year, or about 25% on its gross of \$70 million), and plows most of them right back into digging more & more oil wells to make still greater profits. Since Amerada produces only crude oil and gas and does no refining, it can charge off 27½% of its income from each producing well as a depletion allowance, and write off the "intangible" development costs, such as drilling, etc. Thus it pays relatively small income taxes, paid less than 10% in taxes on 1950's gross profits. (Such benefits are shared by all crude producers.) What also distinguishes Amerada is the uncanny abil-

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The offering is made only by the Prospectus.*

March 11, 1952

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Price \$17.50 per Share

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*These Bonds have not been and are not being offered to the public.
This advertisement appears as a matter of record only.*

NEW ISSUE

\$27,500,000

Kaiser Steel Corporation

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March 13, 1952.

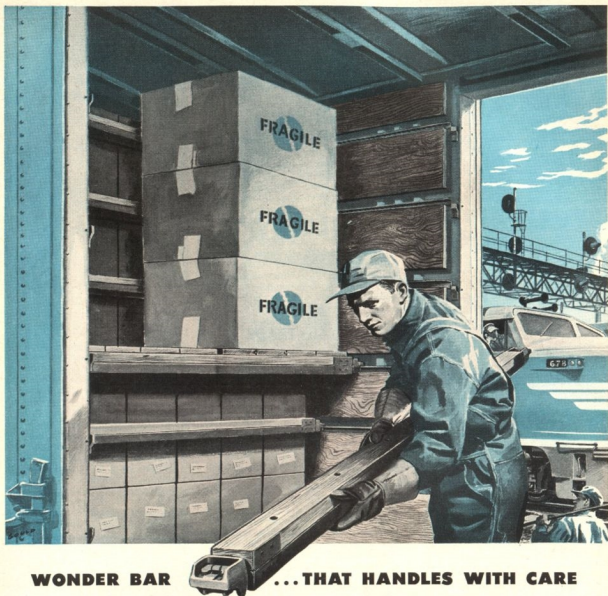
ity of its president, Danish-born Alfred Jacobsen, 64, to find more oil, more cheaply, than almost anybody else.

Scientific Wildcats. A tall, spare man with a sad, gentle face, Jacobsen is so obsessively modest that *Who's Who* has never been able to get him to fill out a questionnaire. Oil is his one passion. He gets up at 6 in the morning to work at it, often works six days a week in his Manhattan headquarters, has no recreations except an occasional stuffing on smorgasbord, downed with aquavit. His unpretentious office is cluttered with huge section maps of oil districts; masses of documents, data and statistics are spread in untidy profusion across his window ledges. His 36,000 shares of Amerada make him worth close to \$8,000,000.

Jacobsen left Denmark at 18 for Mexico, where he sold hardware, clerked for a lawyer, worked for a bank, and gathered an encyclopedic knowledge of Mexican land laws which got him a job with the Mexican Eagle Oil Co. In six years, he was Mexican Eagle's managing director. In 1919 the company sent its chief geologist, a Kansan named E. (for Everett) de Golyer (TIME, April 3, 1944), to the U.S. to found Amerada and direct its hunt for oil in the U.S. and Canada (the name is a compound of "America" and "Canada"). Seven years later, De Golyer brought Jacobsen in as his deputy. Together, they built Amerada's fame as the outstanding U.S. wildcatter and a pioneer in developing scientific methods to find oil. Among the first to use a gravity-measuring instrument to detect underground faults likely to yield oil, De Golyer struck the rich Nash salt dome in Texas. Later, he was the first to use the seismograph in wildcatting. In 1929, three years before De Golyer retired to found his own Dallas oil consulting firm, Jacobsen took over the presidency.

Untold Treasure. Amerada has bet on its scientific methods ever since, takes nearly all of its leases where oil has never before been found. As long ago as 1938, Standard Oil Co. of California had drilled as far down as 10,281 feet in North Dakota's Williston Basin without finding anything. A year ago, not more than six miles from Standard's dry hole, Jacobsen's crews brought in the Clarence Iversen, the basin's first producing well in a pool which Jacobsen estimates to be bigger than Texas' famed Spindletop. Since then, Amerada has brought in five more producers near by, has leases of 1,500,000 acres in the basin. But Amerada never has all its eggs in one basket, is already pumping from 16 wells in Alberta, where it has 2,000,000 acres, and is the biggest single producer in the state of New Mexico. All told, it has 2,400 producing wells, and although Jacobsen is mum on total reserves, they are estimated at 450 million barrels, apart from Williston.

Jacobsen is so conservative that he writes off Amerada's drilling cost completely each year, though many other companies amortize it over several years. Thus, he shows a smaller profit than necessary. He also values his assets conserv-



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You're looking at a major innovation in modern railroading—one of the basic cross bars of the Evans DF Loader which can be handled by one man. This advanced equipment, installed in standard box cars, eliminates costly blocking and strapping, yet locks in lading so firmly that it reduces damage to the vanishing point.

Results? Shippers save millions by eliminating old-fashioned dunnage and the labor needed to install it. Railroads save more millions in damage payments, and in reduced damage to rolling stock. Further, cars equipped with DF Loaders earn more revenue; they are loaded heavier and turned around faster.

The DF Loader—the Damage Free, Dunnage Free Loader—*secures* loads against shifting...*supports* loads to prevent crushing...*separates* loads into solid sections. The latest achievement of Evans loading engineering, it is available at no extra cost in cars supplied by 21 Class I railroads. To learn how this modern equipment can earn extra profits for you, consult Evans Products Company, Dept. A-23, General Offices: Plymouth, Mich. Plants: Plymouth, Mich., Coos Bay, Ore., Vancouver, B.C.

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A Very, Very Queer Diet might account for a breakfast completely devoid of any Rhinelander-packaged foodstuff. But any reasonably normal American's breakfast is almost sure to include several items protected by our glassine and greaseproof papers. That's because we help package so much of the nation's bacon, ham, sausage, bread, rolls, pancakes (mix), butter, tea, coffee, and cereals.

This Paper makes the difference



An Accident! First Aid to the Rescue! Mother easily does a professional job with those clever ready-for-use bandages. They are sterilized after being packaged in glassine—the paper that is so dense bacteria cannot penetrate. For various surgical supplies Rhinelander makes several very special glassines—some with highly technical coatings. Perhaps this impervious paper can solve some problem of yours.

Glassine and Greaseproof . . . the functional papers that do so many tough jobs well.



RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN

actively; one block of stock in another company, which is carried at a cost of \$95,000 on Amerada's books, paid \$657,500 in dividends last year and is actually worth \$14 million. And against the day when oil gets too hard to find in North America, Amerada has 200,000 acres on lease in Venezuela which it has never touched.

EARNINGS

G. M. Reports

In its annual report last week, General Motors showed the drastic effects on it of the defense program. Though 1951 sales of the world's biggest manufacturing corporation were off only 1% to \$7.4 billion, G.M. reported that its net profit was down 39% to \$506 million. Reasons for the drop were higher taxes plus curtailed civilian output, higher costs while car prices were frozen, and a bigger volume of lower-profit defense work. G.M., which has long been in the billion-dollar class in sales, is also in a billion-dollar class of another sort. Last year its tax bill came to \$1,141,000,000.

RETAIL TRADE

Destiny's Knock

*Before the massive, golden-brassy gate
Of final destiny, I stand—and knock.*

Thus, in 1927, wrote Richard Weil Jr. in Yale's famed *Lit.* magazine. The poem was prophetic, for destiny's doors seemed to develop a habit of opening before brainy young Richard Weil's imperious knock. The doors of Macy's, the department-store chain, opened because Weil was the grandson of Isidor Straus, one of the original owners. But Weil rose rapidly on his own merits. By 32, he had been propelled from a sales clerk to president of Bamberger's, Macy's Newark (N.J.) store. In 1949, at the age of 47, he became president of Macy's in Manhattan, the world's largest department store.

Weil, who once tried to hire Chicago's Philosopher Mortimer Adler (*TIME*, March 17) as a Vice President in Charge of Thinking, thought that "retailing is a backward and disorganized industry." He would also admit that Macy's had lost ground, was not growing in Manhattan as it had done in the '20s. He prophesied: "It will do so again in the '50s. If it doesn't, I will have been a failure."

Macy's did not grow faster. Last year, in fact, it had one of the worst years in its history. The chain's profits, which depend largely on the New York store, tumbled from \$7.7 million to \$3.9 million, from \$4.10 per common share to \$1.67. One big factor, some competitors thought, was the money-losing price war which Weil had touched off with a big fanfare of ads right after the U.S. Supreme Court knocked out fair-trade laws. Weil had thought that the war would last a few days; it ran for six weeks and many of the cuts were so deep that they hurt.

Last week the golden-brassy gate of destiny clanged shut against Richard Weil.



Emil Reynolds

MACY'S WEIL
A tumble for a poet.

Macy's directors agreed to accept his resignation as president, although he will keep his second job as vice president of the chain. His cousin and predecessor, Jack Straus, 52, announced that he would take on the Manhattan job along with his bigger one of running the whole Macy chain. Straus attributed the change to Weil's two heart attacks. Said Weil: "I never felt better in my life. I just figured I'd carried two jobs long enough."

The Arabian American Oil Co., world's biggest single oil producer, last week elected Robert Loring Keyes, 56, president to succeed W. F. Moore, who resigned. (Chairman F. A. Davies remains the top executive.) At the insistence of old King



ARAMCO'S KEYES
Orders from the king.

Ibn Saud (TIME, March 3), who gets half of Aramco's profits, President Keyes and the company's top brass will soon be moving to Saudi Arabia. Said Ibn Saud: "Every time there's a decision to be made . . . you have to refer it to New York . . . in the future let's refer it here." Rangy, 6 ft. 2 in. President Keyes, graduate of Pomona College (1917), started as an oil geologist. Later he joined the Texas Co., one of Aramco's owners. For the last nine months, he has been assistant general manager of Texaco's producing department.

SHIPPING

Stormy Weather

Like busy tugs about a liner, two congressional committees last week were nosing about a leviathan among federal agencies, the Federal Maritime Board. In the last 15 years, the Maritime Board and its predecessor, the Maritime Commission, have spent \$14.5 billion on the U.S. Merchant Marine. The spending has gone almost unnoticed by the public because, in the words of one shipper, "there are a lot more people in the U.S. interested in potatoes than in ships." How much waste or skulduggery was there in the spending? Last week:

¶ One congressional committee was probing the millions in profits made overnight in the sale of surplus tankers used to carry oil to China (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

¶ The Justice Department was checking into the sale of 47 surplus ships sold at bargain prices, to see if it could force their return to the Government.

¶ Senator Lyndon Johnson's watchdog committee was looking into reports that shippers who had chartered ships from the Maritime Board were making as much as \$1,000 a day a ship, hauling supplies to Korea and cargoes to Europe for the Mutual Security Agency.

The Missing Billions. The stormy weather in which the Maritime Board found itself was not the fault of its present boss, Vice Admiral (ret.) Edward Lull Cochrane. Boss of the Navy's Bureau of Ships during World War II and a crack naval architect, Cochrane became head of the Federal Maritime Board in 1950, when it was set up within the Commerce Department to replace the old Maritime Commission. He has been trying diligently to unscramble its problems ever since.

The biggest problem was the mess of wartime claims. During World War II, the Maritime Commission spent \$13 billion and supervised the building of 5,300 ships. But after the war the commission couldn't even account for \$2 billion it had spent. Said Comptroller General Lindsay Warren: "There was never a charge on our part that there was fraud or that anybody stole the money . . . That could have been but . . . we could not substantiate it."

When Cochrane took over, he cleared out top deadwood, cut the staff from 4,853 to 4,211, whittled the backlog of claims. Cochrane is proud that the board and its predecessor sold 1,956 ships worth \$4.4 billion for \$1.7 billion, chartered

Report to Management from YALE Materials Handling Headquarters

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Send for our latest list of tax-free bond offerings, and helpful charts that show taxable and tax-free yield comparisons for individuals in all income brackets, as well as for banks and other corporations.

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Yield Comparison Examples

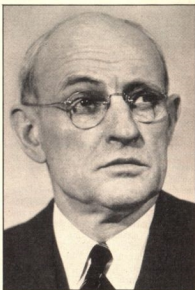
(Based on Joint Return under Revenue Act of 1951)

To equal a 2.50% non-taxable yield— if your taxable income is	You must get a taxable yield of
\$ 20,000	4.31%
30,000	5.32%
45,000	7.35%
60,000	7.58%
75,000	7.81%
100,000	10.87%

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ships for another $\frac{1}{2}$ billion. He insists that it was a better return than any other agency got on war-surplus property.

Launch & Drydock. But he also found that despite the billions spent on the U.S. Merchant Marine, the fleet was a bad second in size to Britain's, and in poor shape. Cochrane wangled \$350 million to build 35 Mariner cargo ships, the first new class of cargo ships built by the board since the war. The new class is bigger (12,500 deadweight tons) and faster (20 knots) than World War II's Victory ships. As the first Mariner slid down the ways last month, it was plain that the \$350 million would be only a down payment to modernize the U.S. Merchant Marine. Cochrane was thinking about asking for another \$150 million for 15 more Mariners. Yet last week, as the new ships were abuilding, the Maritime Board announced that it is laying up 120 of its ships now in ocean



Walter Bennett

MARITIME'S COCHRANE

For a down payment, \$350 million.

service. There is not enough business to keep them busy. This paradoxical situation is a prime example of the hit-or-miss, short-range U.S. Maritime policy.

Costs & Competition. Another big reason for the poor shape of U.S. shipping has comparatively little to do with board policy; it is the simple fact that U.S. labor costs are so high that U.S. ships cannot compete with the rest of the world on an even footing. U.S. ships are 25% to 50% more expensive to build than foreign ships, more costly to repair in American shipyards, and immeasurably more expensive to operate. Joe Curran's C.I.O. National Maritime Union and Harry Lundenberg's A.F.L. Seafarers' International have sent wages soaring. U.S. shippers pay an able-bodied seaman a basic wage of \$260 to \$270 a month v. Sweden's \$84, Britain's \$62 and Italy's \$34.

Because of high building costs, only 80 of the 1,500 ocean-going ships now being built throughout the world are being con-

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STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY



National Distillers Products Corp., New York, N.Y.

structed in U.S. shipyards. And among the ships abuilding in foreign yards, more than 100 are for U.S. shippers. As another economy, many U.S. owners register their ships under foreign flags to cut operating costs and high U.S. taxes. Most popular dodge is to register ships in Panama, where non-union labor and fewer expensive safety devices cut costs. Furthermore, dollar earnings are almost entirely tax-free. Today at least 134 U.S. ships are registered in Panama, 240 others are operating under other foreign flags. This practice, plus the fact that foreign owners can often offer better and cheaper service, has meant that less than 40% of all U.S. foreign commerce is carried in U.S. bottoms. The figure would be even lower but for the stipulation that 50% of all foreign aid be carried in U.S. bottoms.

Foreign Flags. To avoid a more drastic shift from U.S.-built and operated ships, the Maritime Board has a complicated system of subsidies imposed by Congress in 1936. Under this system, the board will 1) pay the difference between the cost of building a ship in the U.S. and what it estimates it would be in a typical foreign port, 2) pay for any features of the ships that have been added for defense purposes, e.g., double engine rooms, extra speed, etc., and 3) grant operating subsidies to make up the difference between the cost of running a ship under the U.S. flag and under a foreign flag. Some operating subsidies have been paid back to the board out of shipping profits, but the total of all subsidies to the U.S. Merchant Marine since 1936 is close to half a billion dollars.

Because of pressure from an economy-minded Congress, the subsidies are subject to change without recourse. Recently, for instance, the Maritime Board junked a 33-year-old agreement with American Export Lines under which the Government would have paid nearly half the cost of the \$47 million spent on building the luxury liners *Independence* and *Constitution*. Said Vice Admiral Cochrane: the board would pay only \$11 million toward the ships' cost, not the \$23 million originally agreed to. If American Export didn't like it, it could return the ships to the Government and run them on a charter basis. Such sudden shifts in policy would hardly encourage more shipbuilding.

Club 13. Are the subsidies handed out fairly? Under present law, only lines that sail 32 "essential" trade routes are eligible for construction or operating subsidies, and 13 big U.S. shippers virtually monopolize these routes. When others have tried to board the subsidy liner, "Club 13" has seemed a closed corporation; three applications have been pending before the board for three years or more, with no action. Club members themselves are sometimes torpedoed by the red tape of the board.

Actually, not all outsiders want subsidies. The reason is that once a shipper gets a subsidy he is straitjacketed by a host of rules. Examples: he cannot quit a subsidized route even if it turns out to be a money loser; he must replace old ships



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and handsome DOES!

TWISTING the old adage serves G/W Techniplan very well indeed—for this modern functional equipment has the smart, streamlined appearance that is requisite in the truly efficient office.

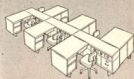
ITS PERFORMANCE is likewise streamlined, placing each worker in a comfortable, time-saving position—work facilities within easy reach. The scientific 3-turn work station eliminates half the usual motions.

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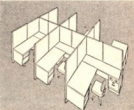
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Cincinnati 12, Ohio

The Wonderful New Frigidaire Ice Cube Maker

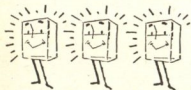
Makes 5000 Solid Ice Cubes A Day For As Little As 26¢



It's ideal for bars, hotels, restaurants, and fountains

It's completely automatic. No trays to fill or empty—nothing to turn on or off

You don't lift a finger from the moment water flows in automatically until you scoop big perfect cubes out of the storage bin.



Every cube is uniform in size—crystal clear, completely clean. Cubes are solid, too, no holes! Drinks stay cool longer with less diluting—saves on mixes, too.

So Compact! Fits under bars, fountains, shelves. Flat, acid-resisting porcelain top can be used for work area or for displays.

So dependable day after day! That's because it's powered by the simplest cold-making mechanism ever made, the Frigidaire Meter-Miser, famous for continued trouble-free operation.

It can save you up to \$800 a year! Save as much as \$2 a day—nearly \$800 yearly. Save more than 90% the cost of purchased cubes. No melting losses or uncertain ice deliveries, either. This Ice Cube Maker'll pay for itself in short order!



Yes—if you want a continuous supply of pure sanitary ice cubes at the lowest cost and with the least effort, this Frigidaire Ice Cube Maker is ideal for you. This revolutionary new appliance was designed and engineered by Frigidaire as a direct result of an extensive survey of the needs of commercial users of ice cubes all over America.

Frigidaire Ice Cube Maker



Whatever your air conditioning or refrigeration needs, see your Frigidaire Dealer. Find his name in the Yellow Pages of phone book. Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Leaside (Toronto 17), Ontario. Ask, too, for Frigidaire's Refrigeration Security Analysis of your needs and your refrigeration costs—no obligation.

with vessels made in U.S. yards; he cannot embark on any auxiliary or any new enterprise not connected with shipping.

Mass Obsolescence. Despite all its troubles, the U.S. Merchant Marine is in better statistical position, on paper, now than ever before in peacetime. It has 2,027 sea-going vessels in operation v. 1,089 in 1941, plus a mothball fleet of 1,336. But numbers alone are no true measure of strength.

Most of the mothball ships are obsolescent Liberty ships—whose wartime value would be doubtful. The U.S. is better off in its tankers; the booming oil industry has had 77 built since the war; 26 others now on order will bring the total to 477 v. 384 before the war. But the greatest lack is passenger ships, which could be converted to troop transports for war. Prewar, the U.S. had 162 of these; now it has only 61.

The most significant—and dangerous—fact of all is that 80% of all U.S. merchant ships were built during World War II, hence are becoming obsolescent in a block. As a result, the U.S. merchant fleet, less than adequate in peacetime, would be shockingly short of what the nation would need in wartime.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Streamliners. The Pennsylvania Railroad this week put four new diesel and electric streamliners, costing nearly \$11 million, on the New York-Washington and New York-Boston runs. With some reason, Pennsy calls its new *Congressional* and *Senator* trains the "finest ever developed for daytime travel." The cars are decorated in red, white and blue, highlighted with American colonial scenes, and have drawing rooms with folding partitions that can be expanded into big (16½-ft.-long) conference rooms. The coffee-shop cars serve counter meals from electronic Radaranges, which cook food in less than a minute. Other features: cocktail bars and yellow toilet bowls.

Battery Watch. An electronic wrist watch that eliminates 30 parts found in ordinary watches and keeps "perfect" time was exhibited last week by the Elgin National Watch Co. of Elgin, Ill. The watch motor is the smallest ever built, runs for a year on a peanut-sized battery. Elgin plans to market the watch in about 18 months for \$200-\$500, expects it will be "some years" before the watch can be brought down to the \$50 class.

Plastic Foam. A new sponge-like plastic foam was shown at the National Plastics Exposition in Philadelphia. The makers, Bakelite Division of Union Carbide and Carbon Corp., call it more resistant to flame and chemicals than foam rubber. Almost odorless, the foam does not deteriorate with age or from moisture or acids. Among the uses: seat cushions and a backing for furniture upholstery.

Kents. P. Lorillard Co. (Old Gold) put on the market a new cigarette, Kent, the first filter-tip cigarette made by one of the Big Five.



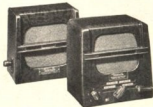
This fast-moving "Magic Carpet" has a Warp of Peace, a Woof of War!

Teletalk—the pioneer intercommunication system, universally recognized as the standard of fine quality and lifelike tone—is truly a "magic carpet" on which thousands of large and small businesses have ridden to new savings of time, steps, and human energy! Great sprawling factories . . . small, two-office suites . . . schools, stores, shops, warehouses—all have found in Teletalk's "flip-a-key-and-talk-two-ways" method a way to end needless running around between offices and departments, to speed up the giving and getting of information, and to cut operating costs.

Created for peacetime use, Teletalk became vital equipment for ships, camps and armed-forces offices in

World War II. During this period a large share of Webster Electric's engineering skills and manufacturing facilities were devoted to producing essential mechanisms of extreme precision and unprecedented dependability for use by our armed forces.

Thus, during peacetime and defense economies alike, Webster Electric has developed and built a wide variety of electrical, mechanical and electronic products to serve the needs of America—in business and industry, in government and in the home. The Webster Electric name on Teletalk, on the products mentioned at the right—on any article—is the best guarantee of its quality and dependable performance.



WEBSTER ELECTRIC
R A C I N E ♦ W I S C O N S I N

"Where Quality is a Responsibility and Fair Dealing an Obligation"



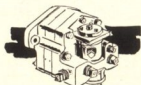
"The machine of 1000 uses"—the portable Webster Electric Ekotape recorder. Has exceptionally high fidelity and beauty of tone. Ekotape is the ideal tape recorder for business, school, church, institutional use, as well as for endless home entertainment.



Has the tone quality of your record-player deteriorated? Perhaps the pick-up cartridge has grown "tired." If so, the full beauty and richness of the original tone can be restored by replacing the old cartridge with a new Featheride Pick-up Cartridge—another Webster Electric product.



In more than two million homes heated with oil, more dependable heat is enjoyed year in and year out because the oil burners are equipped with Webster Electric Fuel-units and Transformers—"the heart of an oil-heating system."



Hydraulic Pumps—Webster Electric manufactures a variety of gear-type hydraulic pumps of advanced design, suitable to a wide range of industrial and agricultural applications in the field of servo- and power-hydraulics; also, small pumps for circulating lubricating oil under hydraulic pressure.

Buy! Buy! Buy!
U.S.
Defense Bonds!

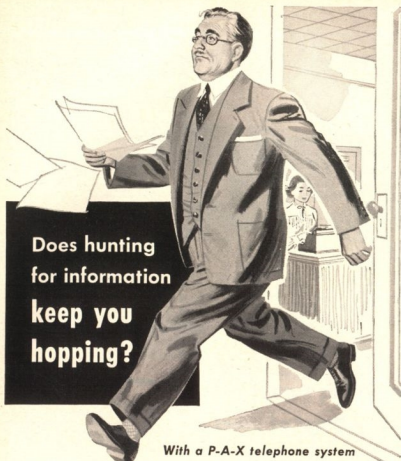
Webster Electric Co., Dept. T3, Racine, Wis.
Please send me information on items checked below.

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|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Teletalk | <input type="checkbox"/> Ekotape Recorder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Featheride | <input type="checkbox"/> Fuel Units & Transformers |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pick-up Cartridges | <input type="checkbox"/> Hydraulic Pumps |

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**Does hunting
for information
keep you
hopping?**

With a P-A-X telephone system

you get the facts you need

without leaving your desk...

You can keep your feet under your desk—your mind on your work—when P-A-X provides "inside" telephone service for your organization. Without delay, and without interrupting your thoughts, you get the facts needed for decisions... You'll find you get more done, when a P-A-X Business Telephone System supplements your city telephone!

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PAX cuts costs by saving time, steps and preventing errors.



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AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

MILESTONES

Died. Alexander Graeme Clifford, 42, chief European correspondent for the London *Daily Mail* and one of Britain's most scholarly newsmen; in London. In World War II, he covered the fall of France, the North African campaign, the Normandy invasion and the Greek civil war. While touring Germany in 1950, he learned that he had Hodgkin's disease (cancer of the lymph nodes), never discussed it with anyone but his wife (daughter of Author Robert Graves) and a few intimates. Without slackening his work, he continued to rove European capitals for news, visited the U.S., wrote a book on Soviet-Western relations. Last week, minutes before he died in a London hospital, he whispered to his wife: "Somehow I feel as though I'm going on another big military operation."

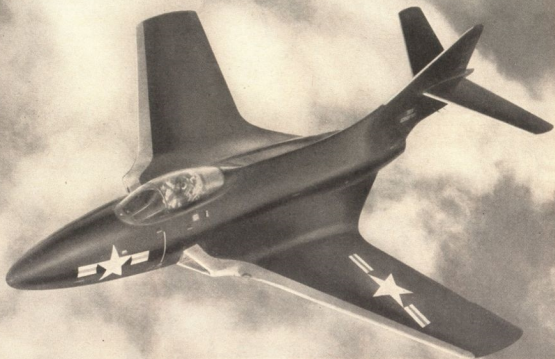
Died. Hugh ("Woo Woo") Herbert, 66, veteran slapstick cinemactor (*The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend*), onetime honorary mayor of Studio City, Calif.; of a heart attack; in North Hollywood, Calif.

Died. Johan .Nygaardsvold, 72, Norway's Premier in exile during World War II; in Trondheim. Scorning demands of unconditional surrender when the Germans invaded his country in 1940, he turned 80% of the Norwegian fleet over to the Allies, organized last-ditch resistance until, barely escaping Germans and Quislings, he fled to England.

Died. Madame Alexandra ("Red Rose of the Revolution") Kollontay, 80, Bolshevik amazon and world's first accredited female envoy; in the U.S.S.R. The Soviet Union's first Minister of Welfare, she later served as minister to Norway (1924-26) and Mexico (1926-27) and ambassador to Sweden (1943-45).

Died. Giovanni Battista Cardinal Nasalli-Rocca Di Cornigliano, 80, archbishop of Bologna; of a heart attack; in Bologna. Created a cardinal in 1923 by Pope Pius XI, he ranked third in seniority in the College of Cardinals (No. 1: Alessio Cardinal Ascalesi, archbishop of Naples, critically ill this week following a heart attack). Active in the diplomatic service of three Pontiffs (Benedict XV, Pius XI, Pius XII), he played a vital part in negotiating the 1929 Lateran Treaty which established the Vatican as an independent state.

Died. Ella Alexander Boole, 93, retired world president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, defeated candidate for Congress on the 1920 Prohibition "Send a Mother to the Senate" ticket; of a stroke; in Brooklyn. With the battle cry, "Tremble, King Alcohol! We Shall Grow Up!", Ohio-born Ella Boole, widow of a Methodist minister, helped pressure Congress into passing the 18th (Prohibition) Amendment.



Introducing the COUGAR... New Navy Jet Fighter

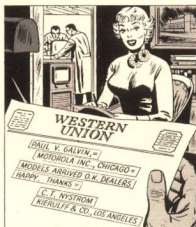


The F9F-6 COUGAR is a sleek, swept wing successor to the battle-proved Grumman PANTHER, the first jet used in combat by our Navy. Much faster than the "over 600 mph" PANTHER, the new COUGAR has the same low landing and take-off speed. This difficult performance combination is ideal for carrier and front line operations by Navy and Marine Corps pilots.

GRUMMAN AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORPORATION, BETHPAGE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.
Contractors to the Armed Forces

Paul V. Galvin, President of Motorola Inc., says...

An organization on the move needs a fast mover... We use Flying Tigers



Thousands of America's leading companies are using Flying Tiger Air Freight. **Are You?**

FLYING TIGERS... ANOTHER BUSINESS BUILT ON "CAN DO"

Write for "THE AIR FREIGHT WAY TO LOWER COSTS AND BETTER SERVICE"

The Flying Tiger Line Inc.

GENERAL OFFICES: LOCKHEED AIR TERMINAL, BURBANK, CALIFORNIA. CABLE: FLYTIGER

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Something to Live For (Paramount) casts Ray Milland as a reformed alcoholic who might be having a hangover from his *Lost Weekend*. An advertising man who has not touched liquor in 14 months, Milland is toying with the idea of just one nip. A duty call from an organization something like Alcoholics Anonymous sends him to the aid of promising Actress Joan Fontaine, who has taken to the bottle because she is afraid of facing a Broadway opening night. Milland's interest in her progresses, of course, from the clinical to the romantic. But since he is happily married to Teresa Wright and has two children, nothing much happens, and the



FONTAINE & MILLAND
Before the nip, a call to duty.

actress and the adman finally go their separate ways, both of them stronger for having known each other.

On sober analysis, Dwight Taylor's screenplay, with its rich lather of plot manipulation and sentimentality, verges on soap opera. But George (*A Place in the Sun*) Stevens' direction is clean and uncluttered. Stevens has a camera magic that evokes a world of romantic illusion: the frustrated lovers caught up in a slow mire of overlapping dissolves, of magnificent close-ups, of telephones ringing unanswered, of rain-swept city streets.

Ray Milland, looking distinguished and slightly seedy, moves through his role with the appropriate air of a sleepwalker in a bad dream.

Retreat, Hell! (U.S. Pictures; Warner), inspired by the Korean war, was also inspired by countless Hollywood war movies of the past.

Set off against some forceful battle sequences that make use of authentic stock



Incredible, you say? Incredible that noise—routine, taken-for-granted noise—put the tension and despair in this face. Destroyed the morale and wrecked the efficiency of this able girl.

Then look about you. In your *own* office, bank, store, factory, school, hospital. See with your own two eyes proof of the heavy price noise takes. In strain and worry. Slow work. Too-frequent errors. Undue overtime.

Convinced *now*? Then reflect—this frightful waste is totally unne-

cessary. Acousti-Celotex Sound Conditioning can curb it instantly. Can instantly bring the *quiet comfort* that spells fewer mistakes, higher employee productivity, less overtime.

And it does all this at moderate cost! Fact is, in a year's time noise may now be costing you more than the Acousti-Celotex Sound Conditioning that can check it for good. So hadn't you *better* investigate? Hadn't you better, *today*?

Write now for a free copy of the informative booklet, "25 Answers to Questions on Sound Conditioning." The Celotex Corporation, Dept. TM-32, 120 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Ill. In Canada, Dominion Sound Equipments, Ltd., Montreal, Quebec.

**Why you can count on your
Distributor of Acousti-Celotex Products
to check noise for good**

- He is a member of the world's most experienced Sound Conditioning organization.
- He has behind him the know-how gained from hundreds of thousands of installations of Acousti-Celotex Products—solving acoustical and noise problems of every type. Thus he can assure you Sound Conditioning that's *right* from the start.
- He has a complete line of superior, specialized acoustical materials to meet every requirement, every building code.
- He guarantees his materials, workmanship, Sound Conditioning techniques.
- He will consult with you, make a **FREE ANALYSIS** of your particular noise problem—without obligation.



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Sound Conditioning

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CAPITALIZE

price and product changes



Telegrams get quick, profitable results. An insurance company announced a new clause, to be inserted in all future policies. One agent telegraphed the news to his clients—and promptly got \$89,000 of orders.

**For any Business Purpose—
TELEGRAMS
do the job better**



CAN SUPPLY FIFTY-THREE MODEL BY TWO-A GRINDERS SUBJECT PRIOR SALE AT SEVENTY-SEVEN DOLLARS EACH. KINDLY TELEGRAPH IN CASE YOU WISH ORDER ANY OR ALL.



REPLYING YOUR AIRMAIL OF TWENTY-FIRST, WHICH ONLY ARRIVED TODAY, WE CAN ASSURE SHIPMENT FOUR WEEKS FROM DATE ORDER RECEIVED.

Alert business men have been quick to cash in on Western Union's new low word rates and 40% Excise Tax slash by using more Telegrams. Get revised rate folder at our nearest office.

WESTERN UNION

war footage is a cast of not-so-authentic stock characters. Among them: a hard-boiled, softhearted colonel (Frank Lovejoy);* a boy who becomes a man under fire (Rusty Tamblyn); a retired captain (Richard Carlson); and, for laughs, a Southern marine who wisecracks during the Korean action: "This is one war that makes sense—North against the South!"

Director Joseph Lewis has deployed his cast efficiently in documenting the progress of a battalion from training at Camp Pendleton to the Inchon landing, the recapture of Seoul and the 1950 drive into



LEATHERNECKS LOVEJOY & CARLSON
In Texas, fighting words were censored.

North Korea when the marines, battling frostbite and the enemy, had to fall back to Hungnam harbor. But Director Lewis' leathernecks, marching from the halls of Hollywood to the shores of sentiment, are screen stencils rather than flesh & blood marines, and the result is formula heroics.

Also Showing

Love Is Better Than Ever (M-G-M) works at a strenuous little plot about a dewy-eyed New Haven dancing teacher (Elizabeth Taylor), who is out to hook a blasé Broadway dancer (Larry Parks). In the course of her campaign, she 1) annoys him by publicly announcing their non-

* Lovejoy delivers the historic rejoinder of Major General Oliver P. Smith, then commander of the 1st Marine Division in Korea, who, when asked if his troops were retreating, said: "Retreat, hell! We're not retreating, we're just advancing in a different direction." (A variation on the fighting words of Marine Captain Lloyd W. Williams, who, when ordered to retreat at Belleau Wood in World War I, replied: "Retreat, hell! We just got here.") Passed by a special ruling of Hollywood's censors, the forbidden screen word "hell" has already met with censorship troubles elsewhere. When a San Antonio radio station objected to the word in a commercial, the picture was referred to on the air as *Retreat, Heck!*

WHY WAIT A WEEK FOR THOSE NEEDED FORMS?

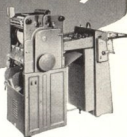


Stop costly delays. Get your important printed matter promptly... have it when you need it. It's easy when you own a Davidson Dual. It does both offset and letterpress printing... letterheads, office forms, price lists, advertising literature, post cards, etc... top quality work in black and white or multi-color.

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RELIEVES PAIN OF HEADACHE · NEURALGIA NEURITIS

FAST

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend



Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast because Anacin is like a doctor's prescription—that is, Anacin contains not just one, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands have been introduced to Anacin through their own dentist or physicians. If you have never used Anacin, try these tablets yourself for incredibly fast, long-lasting relief from pain. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.



BUSINESS LOOKS UP



THE NEALS, FATHER AND SON
One trip paid for their Cessna

NEAT TRICK

Expansion without Expanding

With costs rising, most U.S. firms—large and small—are looking for ways to expand their operations without increasing payrolls. It's a neat trick but many firms and individuals have looked up and found one way to do it . . .

SELLING

More Business, More Easily

Energetic J. Paul Neal of Des Moines, Ia., is an old hand at the real estate business but he's not opposed to new ideas. He and his son, Paul, Jr., do an amazing job of selling commercial and industrial sites, large farms and the like in five or six states.

Five years ago, Neal, Sr., discovered a way to expand his business and at the same time make it considerably easier to handle. The answer was *flying* . . . in his own private airplane.

Today, Neal owns a trim, 4-place Cessna 170 and both he and his son use it constantly . . . for personal contacts with distant prospects, for appraising and showing property from the air, for taking color aerial photographs of choice farms and sites . . . and for hunting and fishing trips to North Dakota.

Neal says definitely that he paid for the 170 three or four times over during the first year he owned it . . . with profits from deals he would not have attempted to handle without the plane. One quick trip, far outside his pre-plane territory, brought him a six-figure sale.

Both Neal and his son say that the relaxation they get from flying is as important as the speed. They arrive fresh—and they can go wherever they want, whenever they want, and get home faster. Both like the Cessna 170 for its simplicity of design—dependability and economy.

They particularly praise the Cessna Patented Landing Gear for the remarkable job it does in rough field operations.

As long as they have been flying, they have only been held up once away from home because of weather.



INLAND'S VOYLES
More executive man-hours

CONSTRUCTION

Inland Has the Answer

President Glenn Voyles of Inland Construction Co., Omaha, says flatly that an executive whose time is worth \$25,000 or more a year can't afford to be without a plane.

His company owns a 4-5 passenger Cessna 195—employs a full-time pilot—and Voyles finds it worth every cent it costs. Last year, the plane flew 75,000 miles—saved thousands of dollars worth of executive man-hours. It's used to visit branch offices—attend highway lettings—fly to important conventions. And it's landed right beside construction jobs to deliver important personnel or emergency repair parts.

YOUR BUSINESS

Now, let a Cessna prove its value to your firm. Charter a 170 or 195 before you buy. Fly it on every trip you make. Compare it with any transportation—in actual economy, in time you save, in new profits it alone makes possible.

Your local Cessna dealer will gladly make all arrangements. See him, today!

* * *

For more information on Cessnas and more case histories on the use of Cessnas in businesses similar to yours, phone or see your local Cessna dealer. Or write CESSNA AIRCRAFT CO., Dept. 31, Wichita, Kansas.



MADE TO ORDER FOR BUSINESS USE!

America's lowest-priced 4-place, all-metal plane by several thousand dollars! Has new Super-Lift Wing Flaps that shorten take-offs, landings. Patented landing gear that cushions rough-field landings. Nonfading Hydraulic Brakes. Safe, dependable all-metal construction. Smooth 6-cylinder, service-proved, 145 H.P. Continental Engine. Soundproofed cabin. Adjustable foam-rubber seats. Yard-wide doors, and more. See the new Cessna 170, today! ALSO SEE the 4-5 place, larger, faster Cessna 190. Both made to order for business use.

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Modern Americans
on the move
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existent engagement, 2) gets him tangled up in a troupe of twirling moppets at a dance recital, 3) taunts him with being a "flesh peddler." Elizabeth Taylor, ineptly striving for comic form, reveals a photogenic figure, but Parks falls flat on his farce. Completed early in 1951, *Love Is Better Than Ever* was temporarily shelved for political reasons, after Parks appeared last March before the Un-American Activities Committee and admitted that he was once a Communist Party member. The whole movie might well have been shelved permanently for artistic reasons.

Bend of the River (Universal) sheds enough Technicolor blood to drench half a dozen ordinary westerns. It starts with a near-miss when Jimmy Stewart, guide of an Oregon-bound wagon train, saves Arthur Kennedy from being lynched as a horse thief. Soon they are both busy sticking knives into a raiding party of Shoshone Indians.

When the settlers reach Oregon, the blood really starts to flow: a pitched battle in Portland, a running fight up the Columbia River, an ambush on the slopes of Mt. Hood. Having eliminated most of the badmen on the Pacific Coast, Stewart and Kennedy start taking potshots at each other, and stage their final death grapple in a mountain torrent. At intervals in the gunfire, Stewart and Gambler Rock Hudson make sheep's eyes at Julia Adams and Lori Nelson. Funnyman Stepin' Fetchit, after a movie absence of 15 years, is back in *Bend of the River* as a molasses-slow deckhand on a river boat.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Rashomon. A powerful Japanese film about an ancient crime of passion, told with barbaric force (TIME, Jan. 7).

Decision Before Dawn. A spy drama, semi-documentary in flavor, set against the spiritual and physical chaos of Germany on the eve of defeat in World War II (TIME, Dec. 24).

Miracle in Milan. A witty, warmhearted fantasy about the brotherhood of man, inventively directed by Italy's Vittorio (The Bicycle Thief) De Sica (TIME, Dec. 17).

Quo Vadis. Christianity v. paganism in Nero's Rome in the costliest (\$6,500,000) movie ever made; with 30,000 extras, 63 lions, Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr (TIME, Nov. 19).

The Browning Version. Michael Redgrave as an unheroic English schoolteacher who turns hero in Terence Rattigan's Mr. Chips-in-reverse drama (TIME, Nov. 12).

Detective Story. Playwright Sidney Kingsley's account of a day in a Manhattan detective squad room still swirls with melodrama under William Wyler's direction (TIME, Oct. 29).

The Lavender Hill Mob. A sprightly British spoof with Alec Guinness stealing the show as a prim bank employee who absconds with \$1,000,000 (TIME, Oct. 15).

An American in Paris. Imaginative musical in Technicolor, with songs by George Gershwin, dances by Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron (TIME, Oct. 8).

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MANAGEMENT
MEN
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RAILROADS have an enormous stake in wood . . . PENTA helps protect this investment, providing ties, car lumber and platforms with a clean, effective preservative treatment.

Today, management at all levels is vitally concerned with reducing costs! What better way than to double the life of your wood poles, railroad ties, buildings, and wood products?

PENTA-PROTECTED wood gives sure protection against termites and rot, and lasts 2 to 4 times longer than untreated wood. Think of the many wood products whose appearance and longevity can be improved by PENTA . . . soft drink cases, truck flooring, furniture, etc. PENTA is also available in water-repellent solutions that minimize warping and checking of wood . . . Increase dimensional stability.

See your lumber dealer and wood treater for PENTA-PROTECTED wood. If you desire assistance on a wood decay problem, write Dow, Dept. PE 35B.

THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY
MIDLAND, MICHIGAN

Write us about *Penta** — the clean wood preservative



THE OIL INDUSTRY uses lots of wood, often under adverse climatic conditions. Since PENTA does not leach, it gives unusually effective service in swamp land and in off-shore drilling operations.

*PENTA is a popular abbreviation of the name of the chemical, PENTACHLOROPHENOL.



Penta
chlorophenol

Air Conditioning Should be Enjoyed

---Not Heard!



TYPHOON
AIR CONDITIONING UNITS

In air conditioning, silence is golden! Yes, the smooth, quiet power of Typhoon units — like the purr of a fine automobile — tells you: Here is great engineering... performance you can bet your business life on, year after year. What's more, Typhoon's rugged engineering means real economy in operation, in upkeep. It's air conditioning at the lowest dollar cost per ton capacity.



"So quiet, Typhoon is the favorite of theatre owners everywhere."



Write for literature and name of nearest dealer

TYPHOON
Air Conditioning Co., Inc.
749 Union Street, Brooklyn 15, N.Y.

Yankee from Quincy

JOHN ADAMS AND THE PROPHETS OF PROGRESS (362 pp.)—Zoltan Haraszti—Harvard University Press (\$5).

Few U.S. Presidents have left office in such a huff as to miss the inaugurations of their successors. Crusty John Adams did it* when Thomas Jefferson defeated him for re-election in 1800. He left the capital at dawn of Inauguration Day, and by March 17, 1801, after a 14-day journey, he was back on his Quincy, Mass. farm. He even congratulated himself, Yankee-fashion, on a shrewd swap, having made, he felt, "a good exchange . . . of honors and virtues for manure."

Like any active man shunted into sudden retirement, Adams, then 65, dreaded having time on his hands. "Ennui, when it rains on a man in large drops," he wrote, "is worse than one of our northeast storms; but the labors of agriculture and amusement of letters will shelter me." Adams gradually slacked off on farm chores, but nothing ever slaked his thirst for letters. He lived to boast of reading 43 books in his 82nd year, and it was in his study, at the hoary age of 90, that he died.†

A spy, scholarly picture of John Adams in his study is offered by Zoltan Haraszti, curator of the Boston Public Library's rare books section, in *John Adams and the Prophets of Progress*. Author Haraszti manages to write well up to the expert's mark without writing above the interested layman's head. As it happens, John Adams does most of his writing for him.

Revolutionary Conservative. Adams had one of the best private libraries of any American of his day, and he was no passive reader. He never curled up peacefully with a book; he lunged for the jugular of its meaning. The struggle took place in the margins of his books, where he scribbled thousands of comments—talking back to the great minds of all time and especially those of the 18th century.

Author Haraszti has culled Adams' choicest comments and neatly arranged them in the form of dialogues. In this play of intellects, Adams clashed most frequently with the French philosophers, e.g., Rousseau, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Condorcet and their disciples. Adams reveals himself as one of the greatest conservatives who ever helped to make a revolution. Sample dialogue between Adams and Mary Wollstonecraft, mother-in-law of Percy Bysshe Shelley, an ardent feminist, and author of an urgent work entitled *Historical and Moral View of the Origin and Progress of the French Revolution*:

Mary Wollstonecraft: The cruelties of

* As did his son John Quincy, who went horseback riding during Jackson's inaugural, and Andrew Johnson, who sat cleaning up his White House desk during Grant's.

† On July 4, 1826, 50th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, within a few hours of the death of Jefferson at Monticello.

BOOKS

the half-civilized Romans prove that the progress of the sciences alone can make men wiser and happier.

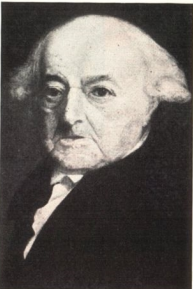
Adams: Witness Marat, Robespierre . . . etc.

M.W.: A human being is not now allowed vainly to call for death, whilst the flesh is pinched off his quivering limbs.

Adams: No. The guillotine is more expeditious . . .

M.W.: In the Middle Ages . . . the people were, strictly speaking, slaves; bound by feudal tenures, and still more oppressive ecclesiastical restraints.

Adams: Now they are to be bound by no tenures and under no restraints. But taxes are almost as bad as tenures, and



The Bettmann Archive

JOHN ADAMS (AT 80)
He lunged for the jugular.

atheism is worse than . . . Catholicism, if we judge by its effects.

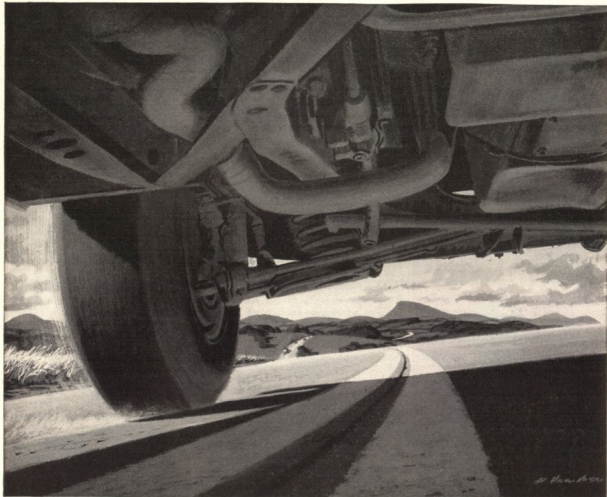
Coxcombs & Atheists. Though Adams himself felt that Christianity was saddled with "whole cartloads of trumpery"—and abandoned his Calvinist upbringing to become a Unitarian—he frothed with epithets when he picked up the spoor of an atheist, as he thought he did in a letter from Jean Le Rond d'Alembert to Frederick the Great.

D'Alembert: I am sometimes tempted to believe that God was at least as much in need of advice when he created the moral world as when he created the physical.

Adams: Thou Louse, Flea, Tick, Ant, Wasp, or whatever Vermin thou art, was this Stupendous Universe made and adjusted to give you Money, Sleep, or Digestion?

To Condorcet's comfortable belief "that the perfectibility of man is truly limitless," Adams retorted skeptically: "Will man ever be free from disease, vice, and death?" With Rousseau, whom he dubbed an "eloquent coxcomb," he disputed that

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the ignorance of primitive man is bliss; that men are equal by nature ("To be sure, if there was but one man in the world, there would be no inequality among mankind"); and that "the voice of the people is the voice of God." "If the majority is 51 and the minority 49," Adams wanted to know, "is it certainly the voice of God? If tomorrow one should change to 50 vs. 50, where is the voice of God? If two and the minority should become the majority, is the voice of God changed?"

John Adams knew he was old-fashioned. He expected to rub posterity the wrong way. But he suspected that he had raised the fundamental questions, and given them, whether posterity cared or not, the fundamental answers.

Troubles in the Delta

THE CROOKED WAY (247 pp.)—Elizabeth Spencer—Dodd, Mead (\$3).

Amos Dudley grew up in the Mississippi hill country with two preoccupations, money and righteousness. He fooled himself into believing they were pretty much the same thing. Amos grabbed a slice of Delta wilderness, and, by relentlessly sweating his Negroes and himself, cleared the land, planted cotton and grew rich.

In his early years, Amos lived with a lusty, knockabout woman, but once he established his plantation he threw her over and married Ary Morgan, daughter of the local aristocracy. They built a house, had children—what else could Amos want? But it was almost as if he had been ordered to pay for the sins of his flinty heart. His marriage turned sour, his children disappointed him and his in-laws looked down on him as a presumptuous hillbilly. Only at the end, when he brought some of his own long-forgotten relations to live on his land, did Amos discover the difference between morality and ambition.

The Crooked Way is Mississippi-born Elizabeth Spencer's second novel, and it is almost a compendium of all the fashionable faults likely to be found in a young highbrow novelist. Her characters seem scooped from Faulkner rather than observed from life. Her technique of letting several characters tell the story in rotation, also reminiscent of Faulkner, is much too complex for her simple materials. And a throbby, portentous style suggests that, so far, she is more concerned with displaying her sensibility than releasing her story.

When God Slumbers

THE WEAKLING AND THE ENEMY (219 pp.)—François Mauriac—Pellegrini & Cudahy (\$3).

François Mauriac, like his English cousin-in-letters, Graham Greene, is a connoisseur of corruption. A Roman Catholic, he believes that evil is as real as sunshine, and that man must learn to look the Devil in the face. In this new book, Mauriac's U.S. publishers have brought together two of his short novels. Though *The Enemy* was first printed in 1935 and *The Weakling* only last year,

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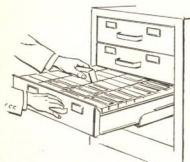
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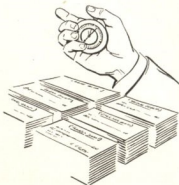
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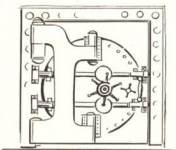


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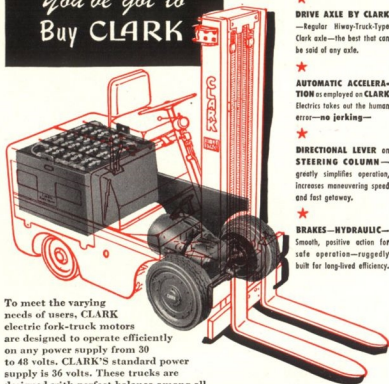
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there is good reason for putting them side by side: both have as their theme the vulnerability of innocence.

The Enemy is the story of a young man named Fabien whose pious mother does her best to shield him from life. Fabien knows nothing of "the strident clamor of desire . . . the storm that rages about the ship of humanity when God slumbers at the stern." Twice a year, however, a gay and worldly woman named Fanny comes to visit his mother, and her visits somehow suggest delights the boy can hardly specify. At 22, Fabien meets Fanny again. Fabien drops his theological studies and becomes her lover, and then, torn by self-anguish, drops her in turn and determines to make his peace with God. But the state of peace with God, says Mauriac, the novelist cannot show.



L. Tonnare Taylor

NOVELIST MAURIAE

Man must look the Devil in the face.

"It is the mark of our slavery and our wretchedness that we can . . . paint a faithful portrait only of the passions."

The Weakling is a sterner story, and plainly a parable of humanity caught between competing ideologies. "To make hate," says Mauriac, "is comforting. It rests the mind and relaxes the nerves." And Paula Cernés, a middle-class girl married to a decayed baron, has been making hate for 13 years. She lives in a tangle of venom with her husband's family, and despises her son Guillaume, a backward child, because he is so much like his father. To spite them all, Paula sends the boy to take lessons from the local schoolteacher, an open Communist. The schoolteacher brings the boy out a little, and Guillaume is ecstatically happy; never before has he been treated so considerately.

But his happiness does not last. The teacher turns Guillaume away in the end because he will not traffic with "aristocrats." In a scene of gruesome effectiveness, Guillaume and his father drown

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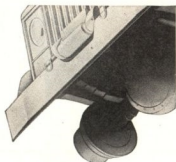
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themselves. "In [the boy's] suffering body," concludes Mauriac, "a human spirit had lain unawakened."

For all his didactic intent, Novelist Mauriac writes no tracts; he is too impressed by the complexity of human behavior to believe that it can be presented in terms of any pat system. Mauriac's world is neither spacious nor brilliant, but it has something of the strong austerity of good Romanesque.

Two in a Boat

LAST VOYAGE (310 pp.)—Ann Davison
—Sloane (\$4).

Many a fair dream has been crushed by a foreclosed mortgage. In 1949, the dream of Ann and Frank Davison was so close to reality that they resolved to defy the sheriff and achieve it. Theirs was not a new dream, but it was one that never loses



ANN DAVISON
Off Portland Bill, a smashing climax.

its shine: they would sail around the world together in a small boat, and support themselves by writing about their adventures. They put all their money into buying and refitting the *Reliance*, a tough but rundown old 70-ft. fishing ketch, but they didn't have quite enough and they ran into debt. Before the *Reliance* was ready to sail, the mortgage holders began to close in. It was then, with the foreclosure notice already nailed to their dreamboat's mast, that the Davisons defied the sheriff and set off on their journey.

Last Voyage is a true story, and about two-thirds of it has the uninspired air that everyday truth imposes on any commonplace telling. Before the war, Frank Davison had run a small airport in Cheshire, England. He married Ann, a licensed pilot, soon after she went to work for him. The war put the Davisons' airport out of business, and they had to start from scratch at something new. As Ann tells it, the Davison saga was a succession of failures strung

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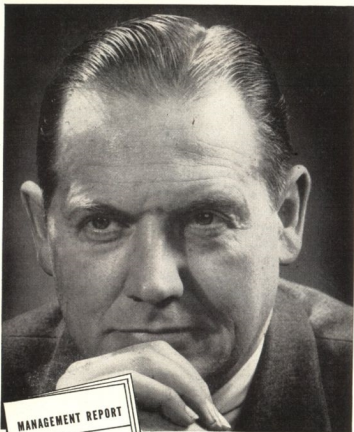
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on a theme of hard luck. They tried gravel quarrying, farming, raising purebred goats. When Ann said, "You know, Frank, I could do with some real gut stirring," her husband said, "So could I." That led to the *Reliance*—and an ordeal that lifts the final 100 pages or so of *Last Voyage* far above the commonplace.

From a little port on England's west coast, they struck out for Havana, and almost at once ran into a late spring storm. Afraid to put into an Irish port for fear of being picked up, they tried to make the open sea. Everything went wrong: the engine failed, the ship caught fire when a stove turned over, an anchor was lost, the sailing gear fouled. To save themselves and the boat, Ann and Frank worked themselves to exhaustion. For a while, Frank went out of his mind and his wife had to handle him and the ship through a smashing gale. Even after the *Reliance* was battered into helplessness, the Davisons refused help from passing ships, hoped to make a small port from which they could slip out when the weather cleared.

They never made it. Caught in the turbulent waters off Portland Bill in the south of England, *Reliance* was sent crashing on the rocks. For a whole night the Davisons clung to a tiny cork float in the freezing seas. Through pure luck, Ann was flung ashore, climbed away from the sea's reach with her last strength. Frank's adventure had ended sooner; his drowned body was found among the rocks.

RECENT & READABLE

Look Down in Mercy, by Walter Baxter. A strong, tough-grained first novel about the collapse of a British army captain in Burma (TIME, March 17).

The Goshawk, by T. H. White. What one man discovered about hawks, and himself, when he set out to learn the medieval art of hawking (TIME, March 10).

The Letters of Private Wheeler. An absorbing record of life in the British army during the Napoleonic wars, as told by a Somerset infantryman (TIME, March 3).

Adventures in Two Worlds, by A. J. Cronin. Autobiographical tales by a physician who became a bestselling novelist (TIME, Feb. 25).

Grand Right and Left, by Louis Kronenberger. A deftly witty farce about the richest man in the world and his compulsions as a collector (TIME, Feb. 25).

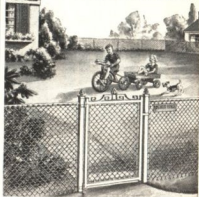
Trail Driving Days, by Dee Brown and Martin F. Schmitt. A first-class roundup of cow-country legends, thickly illustrated (TIME, Feb. 18).

My Cousin Rachel, by Daphne du Maurier. An expert mixture of suspense and romantic hokum, set in the *Rebecca* country 100 or more years ago (TIME, Feb. 11).

I Led Three Lives, by Herbert Philbrick. Fascinating play-by-play account of Author Philbrick's nine years as an FBI counterspy in the Communist Party and some of its fronts (TIME, Feb. 11).

The Confident Years (1885-1915), by Van Wyck Brooks. Fifth and concluding volume of Critic Brooks's guided tour of U.S. literature (TIME, Jan. 7).

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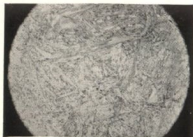
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Write for illustrated folder No. 5



2. This is a slice of plain carbon steel under a microscope. Formation is typical of steels easy to machine.

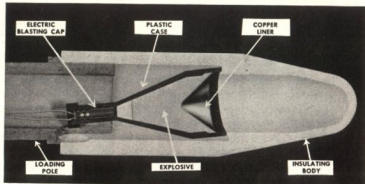


3. Here is a micro-view of a highly alloyed steel in its toughest state.



4. Note what happens when steel is made very hard . . . Scientific controls give manufacturers the kind of steel they need.

1. Let your imagination squeeze itself down to the infinitely small spaces within the crystals and molecules of steel. In that microscopic world, research men take advantage of the same laws that govern the stars and planets to manipulate atoms and molecules of a piece of steel. Their work makes steel harder, or tougher, or springier, or more resistant to heat, so that hundreds of variations in steel are available for everything from watch springs to steels that can "take it" in a tank gear.



5. This "Disintegrator" was developed by a team of steel and chemical researchers. It blows away the fire-clay plugs that seal open-hearth furnaces, keeps men out of danger and saves time.

6. There are more than 250 companies in the steel industry. The competition of these companies for business has created a large number of steel research laboratories. In these workshops for brains, several thousand scientists and technicians are constantly searching for better ways to control the characteristics of steel. The story of their work is told in a collection of reprints from STEELWAYS magazine with the title: "The Inquisitive Steelmen." Factual, informative, excellent for schools and discussion groups. Write to American Iron and Steel Institute, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y., for free copy.

MISCELLANY

Rhetorical Question. In Milwaukee, Dr. John W. Markson, psychiatrist and lecturer on "What Is Love?", was divorced by his wife, who declared that he had never shown her.

Defense in Depth. In Baltimore, when a fire broke out in the Roosevelt movie theater, customers who wanted refunds formed such a crush around the boxoffice that firemen had to hose them aside before they could fight the fire.

Lesson for Today. In Greenville, S.C., the Southside Baptist Church put up a billboard with the message: "Salvation is free and tax free. Tell Tom, Dick but not Harry."

Off Ration. In London, Mrs. Florence Sparrow brought suit against a bakery when she sliced into a loaf of bread, found a baked sparrow.

Wet Blanket. In Santiago, Chile, Weather Forecaster Julio Bustos was being sued by the mayor of Valdivia, who charged that Bustos' prediction of rain during Valdivia's centenary celebrations had discouraged tourists, cost the city 10 million pesos.

Calling All Strings. In Euclid, Ohio, Musician Fred Keyerleber complained that he kept getting police broadcasts on his electric guitar.

Dearly Beloved . . . In Gary, Ind., Justice of the Peace Paul Dudak indignantly announced that he would not marry any more couples who chew, drink, hum, whistle, wear greasy clothes or crack improper jokes during the marriage ceremony.

Delicate Operator. In Milwaukee, when Patrolman William Klippel slipped up behind a burglar and murmured "stick 'em up," the burglar gasped and fainted.

After Due Consideration. In Manhattan, a 65-year-old recluse explained that she kept to her ancient, gas-lit house because "there just aren't any people around any more worth knowing."

Point of Honor. In Detroit, when Benjie Evans was hauled into police court for drinking whisky, insulting women and eating popcorn in a movie theater, Evans indignantly protested: "I have *never* eaten popcorn in my life."

On Reflection. In Dahlonaga, Ga., Charlie Elrod explained to police why he smashed the dresser mirror: he did not like the looks of the drunk staring at him.

Falling Market. In Coral Gables, Fla., when Store Supervisor J. R. Lawson shouted "drop it," ten steaks, two hams, four chickens and two packages of sliced ham fell from the skirts of two women shoplifters.



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